SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

CIII

6D.

NOVEMBER

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No. 65. **Volume XI.**

MONTHLY 6d.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY 6d.

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EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*The Editor will at all times be glad to consider articles, stories and sketches addressed to him at* 17 *&* 18, *Basinghall Street, E.C., but in order to avoid waste of time, contributors would do well to submit suggestions for his approval before sending in their work. In no case can the Editor be responsible for the safety of unsolicited sketches and literary matter, but where stamps are enclosed he will do his best to secure their return if unsuitable. When Photos are to be returned, contributors should state so clearly on the back of each.*

The Editor has great pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been completed by which the Magazine is now published punctually on the first of the month.

Fresh copy for advertisements must be sent in before the 16*th of this month, or the advertisement will be printed as in the previous month.*

The subscription to Sandow's Magazine *is* 8*s.* 6*d. per annum, post free, and should be forwarded to the Manager,* 17 *&* 18, *Basinghall Street, E.C.*

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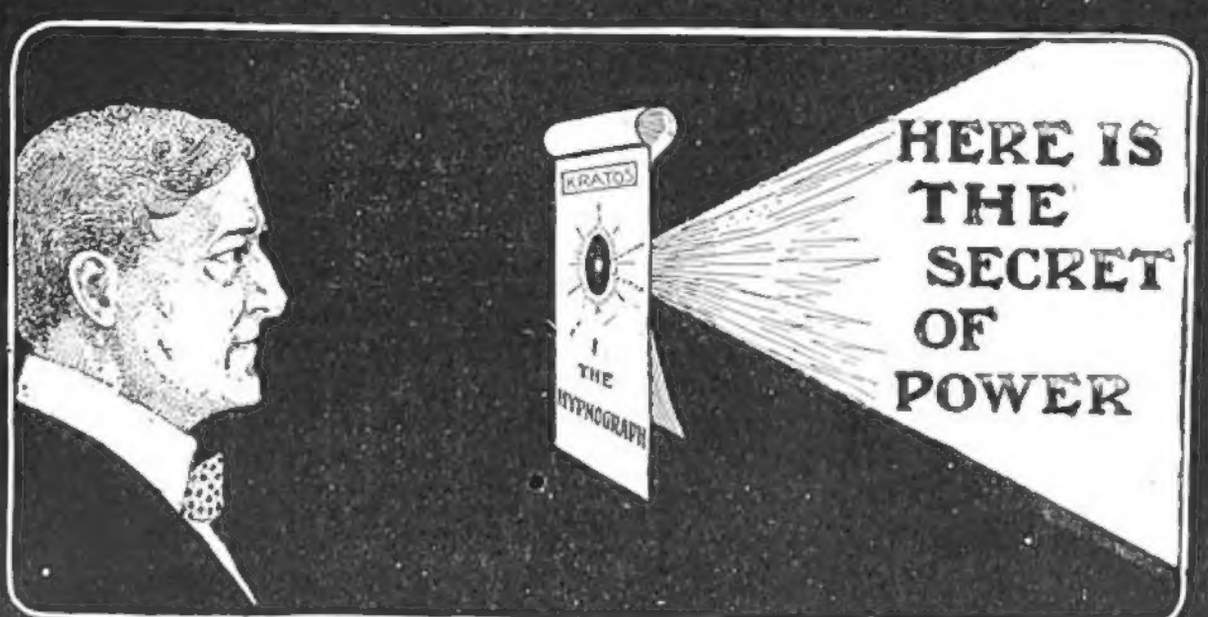

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GRANGETHORPE, O. W. TRAFFORD, May 2nd, 1900.

SIRS,—Your dumbbells to hand, for which please accept my thanks. Having used them several occasions, I can honestly say I have received much benefit from them, and, so far as cricket is concerned, I feel sure that no thing but good can be the result of the use of the same. A pair of your dumbbells are kept in the chief dressing-room of our pavilion.—Yours truly A. C. MCLAREN.

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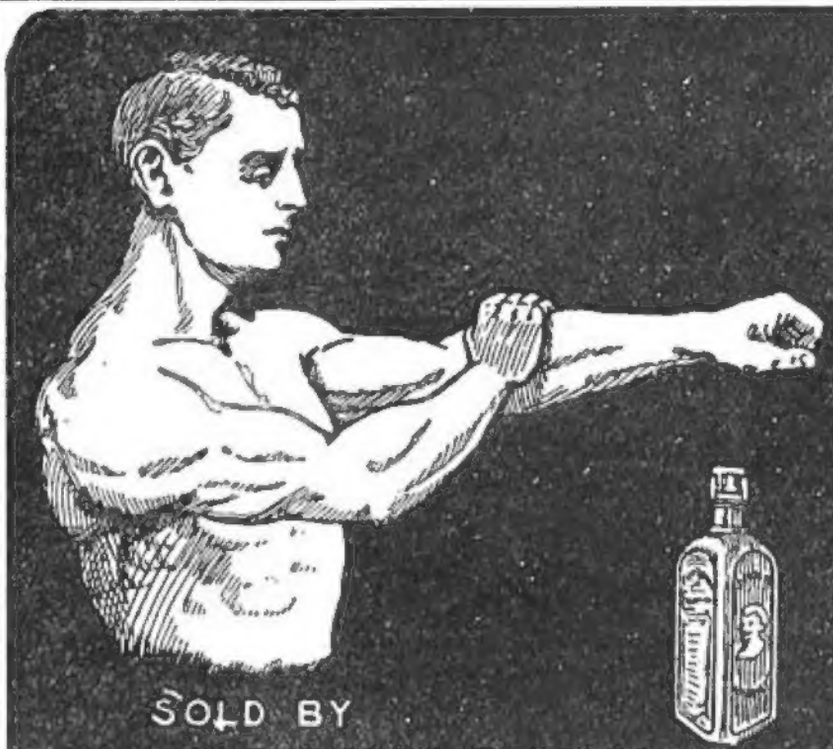

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TO MY READERS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE RELATING TO MY POSTAL INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT.

I regret having to announce that owing to the enormous mass of correspondence which inundates me day by day in connection with my Postal Instruction Department, I cannot possibly, under former conditions, give the necessary time and consideration to each individual application.

I have therefore decided, in common fairness, to limit prescriptions by post to what may be called

CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THIS HAS NECESSITATED THE DISCONTINUANCE OF THE 2/6 MONTHLY COURSE.

The cases upon which I shall now give advice are those where expert and individual instruction is necessary. Among these may be named—

INDIGESTION, **NERVOUS DISORDERS,**
INSOMNIA, **SLUGGISH LIVER,**
CONSTIPATION, **WEAK LUNGS,**
OBESITY,
and generally the disorders resulting from a sedentary life.

Those of my readers requiring treatment under these and similar headings, should write to me at the offices of the Department, and I will send without charge my new treatise, **CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE**, a handsome volume of 50 pages, which will give the necessary information. The fees are, of course, on a revised scale, but they will be found commensurate with the work involved.

EUGEN SANDOW.

Address—S. POSTAL INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT,
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Hospital . . .

Shopping Day,

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1903.

ON that day a large number of Shops in London and the Suburbs will be making a special show, and exhibiting a bill in the window stating that they are giving a percentage of the day's takings to King Edward's Hospital Fund for the benefit of the London Hospitals.

Think, therefore, what articles you will be likely to want in the house this winter, what presents you may be going to make, whether there are any poor people to whom you can send a package of groceries or some clothing. Look round your house, and see if there is not a chair, or a picture, or some ornament wanting. Anything and everything purchased will benefit the Fund; not only athletic requisites but things to eat, wear, etc.

Having made out your list of articles you want of will want, help the helpless by buying on

HOSPITAL SHOPPING DAY

Tuesday, November 3rd, 1903.

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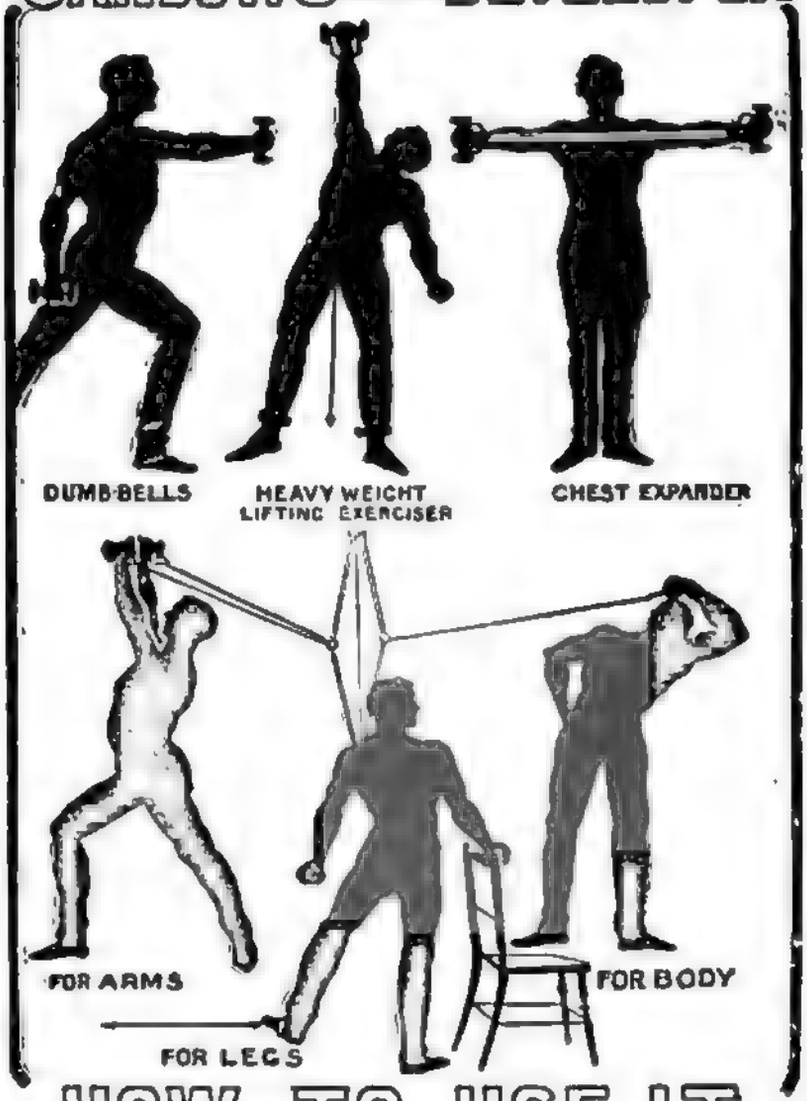

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57, Seaside-rd., Eastbourne.—Gentlemen,—Many thanks for Free Bottle of Lineel Liniment, it is a wonderful remedy, and I shall only be too pleased to tell others who suffer.
(Signed) E. Mitchell.

"Shillingford Cottage," Alpington, Devon.—Thank you very much for Samples, it is capital stuff, I am going to say that to anyone who has any aches or pains.
(Signed) E. C. Langfull.

The Yorkshire Advertising Medium, Handbill and Circular Distributor, 166, Sunbridge-rd., Bradford, *Aug.* 29, 1903.—Dear Sirs,—Thanks for sample, it only wants pushing, it's a marvel, two cures after long suffering (Sgd.) E. Gledhill.

Mrs. Dale is very satisfied with Sample Bottle received, and has ordered some from the Chemist's —Mr. Deal, Lower Addiscombe-rd. Mrs. Dale has already found relief from this small bottle.
Croydon.

18, Nottingham-pl., W. *Sept. 4th*, 1903.—Dear Sir,—Thanks, nay, many thanks for your sample of Lineel Liniment, which came duly to hand, I put some of it on yesterday and it relieved me muchly, Yours faithfully (Sgd.) Campbell G. Clark.

"The Walnuts," Belvedere, Kent, *Sept. 25th*, 1903.—The Lineel Co., Ld.—I have used your Lineel and find it without doubt a certain cure for pain, and will do all I can to recommend it, therefore you are welcome to use my name and address. Kindly send a few samples for my friends, Yours truly, (Signed) A. Barrett.

32, College-avenue, Maidenhead, *Sept. 19th*, 1903.—Dear Sir,—I have tried your liniment on a lady that could not put her hand behind for ten weeks, and was surprised at the great improvement in so short a time, in fact, she is cured before having used one small bottle, and shall have great pleasure in recommending it.—Yours truly (Sgd.) R. Gabb.

187, Luton-road, Chatham, *2nd Sept.*, 1903.—Gentlemen,—Will you allow me to state that after using a bottle of "Lineel" I have entirely lost my Rheumatism; and I honestly believe it will perform all that you claim for it. If you like, I will distribute samples amongst my customers. I am, Gentlemen, yours truly (Signed) S. Lightfoot.

63, Kelvin-rd., Highbury-park, London, N., *30th Sept.*, 1903.—Gentlemen,—My Mother having suffered for several years with Rheumatism in her hands, I sent her a bottle of your "Lineel," and I am pleased to say the desired effect has been attained, and I am highly recommend your valuable Liniment to other sufferers. Yours truly (Signed) W. J. Cartridge.

Upper Clanbogan, Omagh, *19th June*.—Sir,—Thanks for Sample of Liniment. I think it splendid for curing pains, and tried to get a bottle since in Omagh, but could not. I now enclose 2/9 for which please send me a bottle as soon as convenient. Yours truly,
(Signed) J. Mitchell.

West Bridgford Motor Co., Chestnut grove, Nottingham. *Sept. 15th*, 1903.—Dear Sirs,—We find a sample bottle of your "Lineel" Liniment so good in pain, that we wish for a bottle at once. Please say your price for larger size per return.
Yours truly, (Sgd.) D. Roberts.

Ewloe, *Sept. 7th*, 1903.—Dear Sirs,—Thanks for the Sample of Lineel Liniment, I have received benefit from it and will on future occasions use Lineel Liniment and also will recommend it to my friends as a pain cure. Yours respectfully (Signed) James Hobson.

Mossbury House, 156, Commercial-road Landport. *Sept. 22nd*, 1903.—Dear Sirs,—The sample of "Lineel Liniment" sent by you, I have tried and find it an excellent remedy. Please send me a bottle at once. Herewith Postal Order 1s. 6d. Yours truly,
(Signed) W. Williams.

Sywar-rd., Highfield st., Coalville. *27th Sept.*, 1903.—Dear Sir,—I find that your Liniment has done my shoulder more good than anything I have had. Kindly enclose prices of your bottles of Liniment by return of post. I remain, yours truly, (Signed) Alfred Williamson.

14, Anues Terrace, Argyle-road, Leddington.—Dear Sir,—Sample of Lineel Liniment to hand safely with many thanks am pleased to say I have derived much benefit by it, have only used it twice, and had no pain since. Will strongly recommend it to my friends.
Yours, &c., (Signed) Mrs. E. Warden.
P.S.—I will send for a bottle as soon as we are in need.

9, Clonbrock-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.—Dear Sirs,—I received your bottle of Liniment, and am greatly pleased with its effects, it is the best thing I have seen, its action is quite marvellous. I shall continue its use and shall recommend its fine qualities to all friends. Thanking you for introducing it, I am, Yours respectfully, (Signed) H. Hill.

14, North End, Croydon, *Sept 14th*, Gentlemen,—I have just been for Brighton and back, time trial, unpaced (Cycle). I had a good rub down with Lineel before starting, I found I did not require any more the whole journey. I was able to finish quite fresh in time for the Gold Medal, with seven minutes to spare. I think Lineel is just the thing for Cyclists.
(Signed) H. Brown.

THE 5 MINUTES PAIN CURE FREE.

Lineel Liniment

is a very valuable discovery. It does not merely give relief, but it ABSOLUTELY STOPS, in FIVE MINUTES, all aches and pains of a nervous or muscular character, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Headache, Faceache, Toothache, Tic, Sprains, Earache, Bruises, Cramp, Stiffness; Locomotor Ataxy, Deafness caused by Rheumatism, and cures colds and coughs in three or four applications to chest and throat. LINEEL LINIMENT acts electrically upon the nerve tissues, and is a discovery of the celebrated Professor Loeb and Dr. Matthews (see *Daily Mail*, May 25th, 1903).

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Simply send a penny stamp (mentioning this Magazine), when a free bottle will be sent by return post. Every day we receive extraordinary and grateful letters testifying to the efficacy of LINEEL LINIMENT in curing pain. It would cost a lot of money to publish these, and it is much more convincing and satisfactory to send you a free bottle, so that you may test it yourself.

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Cures Lumbago	in 5 minutes	Cures Stiffness	in 5 minutes
Cures Sciatica	in 5 minutes	Cures all Neurotic and Muscular Pains	in 5 minutes
Cures Gout	in 5 minutes	Cures Earache	in 5 minutes
Cures Headache	in 5 minutes		

Cures Deafness Caused by Rheumatism in 5 minutes.
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Middle-weight Champion of the World. He treats in a most exhaustive and conclusive manner the following wide range of subjects:—The Way to Breathe, School-Room Exercising, How to Reduce Weight, Exercising of Women, Lessons on Rearing Children, First Lessons in Boxing, To Prospective Athletes, How to Land Blows, Boxing, The Famous Fights of Robert Fitzsimmons, etc., etc.

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Photo, Warwick Brooks, Manchester.]

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. SANDOW.

OF

PHYSICAL CULTURE, SPORT AND FICTION.

The New Era.

IN a double sense the present month is a new era for us—by "us" I mean that portion of which the magazine is the integral part. In the first place, judging by the large number of letters which have come to hand from all parts of the kingdom extolling the proposed National Physical Culture, it is practically accepted that some such course will have to be adopted to stay the great and rapid depreciation in the physical standard of certain portions of the community.

It is impossible for me to reply to all my correspondents individually, so numerous are they, and great are the calls upon my time just now, but I will take this opportunity of thanking them one and all for their kind and encouraging epistles, which tend to put heart into a man, and in my case will help me largely in my endeavour to bring about that which has been my object throughout life—a healthy British race, fit at any time and anywhere to uphold the honour of the old flag, and maintain the supremacy of Great and Greater Britain. This, too, should be the aim of every man, and it is indeed pleasing to note that the waverers, who at one time seemed to doubt if the scheme I have so long expounded would bring about the desired result, are already beginning to see the folly of their ideas, and are accepting National Physical Culture as the only possible and reasonable course. It is even more gratifying to find some of those "in the enemy's camp" wavering, so there is hope that even they too may be won over to the great cause, and whilst there must be some who will rush blindly down the hill of unbelief to perish in the sea of despair, it is to be hoped that they too will reform in time.

This new era that we are entering upon should make one of the brightest spots in the history of the British Empire in the Twentieth Century, and when it does become an accomplished fact, I shall look upon my ends as achieved, although, of course, there will still be plenty left for me to do.

I learn that the Committee appointed to

consider the question is already at work assiduously, although unostentatiously, preparing the way for the more formal and extended Commission, and I can only express the hope that their labours will be quickly o'er, so that no time may be wasted in bringing about this much-desired physical improvement amongst certain classes of the community.

The foregoing concerns a burning national question, but the next subject to which the new era mentioned at the beginning of my remarks refers, concerns us (and by "us" I mean the magazine) more nearly, for our publication has of late been so successful that I feel justified in launching out considerably and improving it to such an extent as to make it appeal to every one, young and old, rich and poor. Even those who as yet are not wedded to Physical Culture I shall endeavour to cater to, with the hope and belief that ere long I shall be able to number their names amongst my firmest adherents.

As you will observe from this month's issue, the character of the letterpress is being improved, and we have gone to considerable expense by nearly doubling the number of illustrations. This has necessitated engaging a special staff of artists, whose best work I shall be able to command, and thereby be enabled to place before my readers a magazine equal in every respect to its leading contemporaries. Of course, "even as Rome was not built in a day," we do not expect to arrive at our desired goal in a month, but I venture to think that my readers will agree that the improvement is beginning, and I can assure them that it is our intention to go on improving until the high-water mark of perfection is reached.

I have purposely left that which appeals to the reader first, namely, the cover, to refer to last. The design which now appeals to the observer has cost a considerable sum to bring out, and is the work of that renowned artist, W. O. Sullivan, who has produced at once a striking and notable picture. And now it is our endeavour to make the inside in harmony with the outside, and so place before the public a magazine equally instructive and interesting, as well as amusing. This is our aim and desire, but, of course, without the continued and increasing co-operation of the public, we shall not be able to accomplish this, so may I ask old friends to introduce new friends to SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, and so enable us to continue what I sincerely feel to be a good work.

The Stage Physical.

By F. NEVILLE PIGGOTT.

Sir Henry Irving to Eugen Sandow.

DEAR MR. SANDOW,—

I am very glad to hear that you propose to take up the question of physical training for the actor. This is of the utmost importance, and I am quite sure that you will render the dramatic profession one of the greatest services.

Photo by Russell & Son, Baker Street, S.W.]
SIR HENRY IRVING IN HIS STUDY.

Probably no profession makes greater demands upon the physical powers of men than the actor's art, that is, if taken seriously; and yet, despite this fact, it is surprising how few members of that profession pay the slightest heed to the proper systematic culture of their bodies. Some few months back there appeared in these columns a strong article on the subject, which set out the great lack of physique (a very necessary qualification for success notwithstanding) amongst those who adopt the stage as a profession. It was this which recalled to Mr. Sandow a subject in which he had been long interested, and he thereupon commissioned me to obtain some statistics on the matter from our leading actors and actresses, and to secure from them their ideas on the question of the stage from the physical standpoint.

Of course, there are exceptions, as there must be to every rule, but, looking at the profession generally, it is really surprising what a number of men and women allow their physique to deteriorate, when by a few simple exercises gone through daily, they could fit themselves so much better for the strenuous battle, and it is a strenuous one indeed, which the lesser lights of the profession have to fight.

Taking the ordinary actor, how does he spend his day? Inasmuch as his duties compel him to be a night worker, he considers it incumbent upon him to lie in bed until the morning is well advanced, when, having breakfasted, he strolls down to the theatre for his letters, and possibly has several hours of rehearsal in a dreary, close atmosphere; then strolls back to his rooms and spends the remainder of his time, prior to the evening performance, in what he considers necessary rest. He thinks that the energy required in his evening's performance is sufficient exercise, and he feels that he requires the rest during his unworking hours, and why? simply because he feels languid from lack of systematic physical exercise.

There is no doubt that if that actor were to devote ten or fifteen minutes of his spare time daily in systematic physical exercise, he would find himself much more capable of going through his own arduous performance.

It was with these views in mind, and Sir Henry Irving's encouraging letter to Mr. Sandow, which is set out above, in my hand, that I determined to set out and obtain from some of the leading members of the profession their opinions as to the physical standard of the profession generally, and to what the undeniable lack of sound physique amongst its members generally may be attributed.

Of course, his genial letter, and the fact that Sir Henry Irving is acknowledged the head of his profession, made it unnecessary for me to look further for the first from whom to gain some impressions, but unfortunately Sir Henry was then in the throes of preparation for his American tour, and in response to the request for an interview, he had reluctantly to decline for the present, at the same time expressing himself very strongly in favour of any movement that should tend to improve the physique generally of the members of the profession.

Sir Henry himself is a splendid example of what physical exercise will do for a man, and is convinced that it is mainly, if not entirely, due to the fact that by judicious, systematic exercise he has been able to keep himself in such trim as to enable him to accomplish what few actors have ever done in the shape of extreme physical strain. Such creations as his King Lear, Lesurques and Dubosc, the dual characters in the "Lyons Mail," Othello, Mephistopheles, Becket and Dante, and many others too numerous to mention, call to mind the marvellous powers of endurance which Sir Henry must possess. Those many are but a few of the over seven hundred characters which are included in his repertoire, and even these do not indicate by one-half the amount of work which Sir Henry, during his forty-five years as an actor and actor-manager, has had to go through.

Mention of his King Lear reminds one of the tremendous physical effort which that part entails, and one which the late Revd. Doctor Joseph Parker, in his criticism on the Church and Stage, considered the finest creation of his genius. A sentence in Dr. Parker's criticism of Sir Henry Irving is well worth reproducing:—He wrote: "It cannot be an easy thing to come forward

and play the villain well, for the better the dramatic villain is played the more is the actor compelled to recognise in his execration the exact degree of his success. So admirably can Mr. Irving himself play the villain that it is difficult to believe that any god-parents ever, on his unconscious behalf, renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

Sir Henry spoke of the great physical strain brought about by his creation of Lear, and says:—"Lear broke down my physical strength after sixty consecutive nights, and when I resumed it, after a brief rest, I was forced to the conclusion that there is one character in Shakespeare which cannot be played six times a week with impunity."

Sir Henry relates how, at the last moment, prior to the production, just as he was about to make his initial entrance, he decided to alter his conception of the part, "for," he says, "Lear cannot be played except with a plenitude of the actor's physical powers, and the idea of representing extreme old age is futile."

Sir Henry's favourite recreation is fencing, an art which is to be encouraged for many reasons, and the fencing on the Lyceum stage, under the management of Sir Henry, has always been an important feature. In his early years Sir Henry practised the art most assiduously. He used to fence twice a week at a school of arms in Chancery Lane, kept by one Shury, and on his migration to Edinburgh continued under Captain Roland's tuition, while, later, he practised at Angelo's School in London. He has the distinction of having fought more duels (stage, of course), than any other actor, living or dead. His more notable bouts have been in the "Lady of Lyons," "Hamlet," "Corsican Brothers," "Ravenswood," "Dead Heart," "King Arthur," and many others, and only once has he met with anything approaching a serious accident. It was during the first run of "Hamlet," in his fight with Leartes, that the latter's sword slipped out of his hand, and cut Sir Henry severely just below the eye. Fortunately, a surgeon was in the audience, and at once rendered assistance, but it was only after some hours' application of ice to the

THE DUEL.—"FAUST."

SIR HENRY IRVING AND SOME OF HIS CHARACTERS. *(From a drawing by the late Mr. Fred Barnard in the possession of Sir Henry.)*

wound that the flow of blood was finally stopped.

One of the finest duels in Sir Henry's repertoire was that in the "Dead Heart," between Sir Henry as Robert Landry and Sir Squire Bancroft as the Abbe Latour. In this, although, of course, the issue of the scene is pre-arranged, it was only up to that point, as otherwise the duel was nightly a real match between the two men.

I may be excused for quoting Mr. Joseph Hatton, than whom none is better qualified to describe the characteristics of the most famous actor of modern times. He thus describes Sir Henry:—"It is a somewhat æsthetic face, with bushy eyebrows, dark, dreamy eyes, a nose that indicates gentleness rather than strength, a strong jaw and chin, and a head inclined to droop a little, as is often the case with men of studious habit. There is great individuality in the whole figure, and in the face a rare mobility which photography fails to catch.

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS MATHIAS IN "THE BELLS."

"Though the popular idea is rather to associate tragedy with the face and manner of Sir Henry, there is nothing sunnier than his smile. It lights up his countenance and reveals his soul in his eyes, but it is like the sunshine that bursts forth for a moment from a cloud, and disappears to leave the landscape again in shadows, flecked here and there with fleeting reminiscences of the sun."

Of course, it is only natural that Sir Henry should have had many amusing experiences, but I have only room here for a few, which, when told in Sir Henry's inimitable style, probably have more point than when set down in cold type. He tells with great gusto how, when after leaving school, he was duly installed at a desk in an East India house in Newgate Street, the desire for an actor's life was strong upon him, and the study of parts his chief pastime. It was while there he started to learn a piece, and becoming so engrossed in it, determined to transmit it to memory, and during the dinner hour hid himself in a large packing-case. Oblivious to everything but his part, he forgot that the hours were slipping by, and so continued to study. His absence from his desk was noticed and a search made, but it was not until just before the hour for ceasing business for the day that he was discovered, still deeply engrossed in his part.

Sir Henry tells of his first visit to a theatre alone. It was at the Adelphi, in the pit, and so guilty did he feel in having transgressed the instructions of his parents, that he thought it probable the gallery would fall into the pit for his special punishment.

Mentioning the gallery recalls a little specimen of gallery wit. Once in Dublin, Sir (then Mr.) Irving, was called upon to take

a heavy part, the actor cast for it having fallen ill.

The gallery boys are very prone to carry on a desultory conversation across the house, and two boys, on opposite sides of the building, on this particular occasion, were shouting one to the other. As Mr. Irving made his entrance, one shouted to the other, "Is that him, hey?" "No," was the reply, "them is the young man's clothes, they will shove him out later on!"

Just another amusing experience. Let into the proscenium wall of the Lyceum is a wooden seat, which has been the favourite point of vantage of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone and many other great men. On one occasion a Chinese Ambassador was being given the treat of witnessing the performance of "Hamlet" from there. During the evening, Sir Henry went around to see how his visitor was enjoying the performance, and only arrived just in time to prevent his Oriental visitor from stepping on to the stage to compliment Miss Terry, who had just finished the mad scene. Sir Henry relates this incident with a great deal of enjoyment, although he expresses doubt as to what would have occurred had a character not in the cast of "Hamlet" made an unannounced appearance.

Of course, all this is quite outside the object of this article which, as we stated at the start, is to produce, if possible, an improvement in the physical condition of the actor generally, and it is only by bringing to the notice of the individual his laxity on certain points that we can hope to have any improvement in any given particular. That there is much room for improvement in the condition of actors and actresses there can be no gainsaying, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the efforts Mr. Sandow is making to effect these improvements will bear early fruit in the right direction.

It is anticipated that many leading members of the profession will be induced to give their opinions on this subject, which will be published from month to month, and will no doubt provide interesting reading not only for the actors and actresses, but also to those who have their interest and welfare at heart.

Our Photographic Competition.

IN the place of our usual physical competitions, we devised one for those who take an interest in photography. Prizes were offered to the value of £1 10s. for photographs of any sporting subject, the £1 10s. to be divided into first and second prizes, value £1 and 10s. respectively. The prizes awarded are in the form of orders to the amount, given on any firm advertising in the Magazine for the current month. The competition hardly attracted so many competitors as we could have wished, so we have decided to discontinue it for a while until the seasons again become favourable for the amateur photographer. This month the best sent in were those submitted by Mr. T. E. Sherman, of Luton, and Mr. R. Braithwaite, of Colne, Lancs., to whom the first and second prizes have been awarded respectively. The prize photographs will be found on this page, and if the successful competitors will make their selection of a prize from the advertisements in this month's issue, we shall be pleased to send an order on the firm to the amount stated.

FIRST PRIZE: £1.

"A SMACK RACE." (Mr. T. E. Sherman, Luton, Beds.)

SECOND PRIZE: 10s.

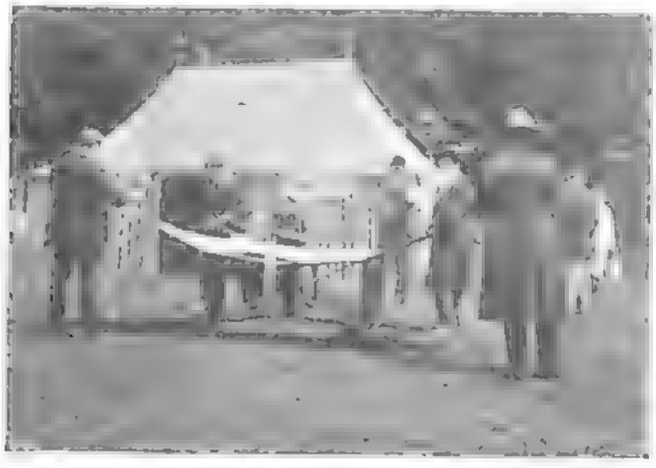
"SKATING ON FOULBRIDGE RESERVOIR." (Mr. R. Braithwaite, Colne.)

Kite Flying.

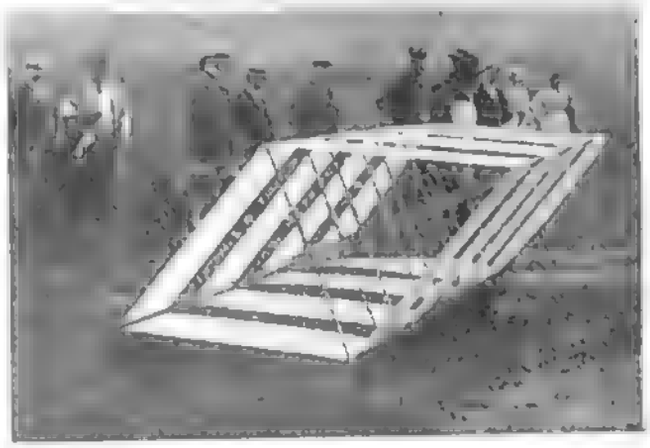
AN INTERESTING SCIENCE.

By M. A. HUGHES.

KITE flying would seem to appeal to the younger generation chiefly, but the kind of kite which is dealt with in this article is of a far more obstruse and scientific character than the ordinary orthodox boy's kite favoured by the Jap or made somewhat in the shape of an inverted triangle with all the glories of an elongated tail—the greater its length, so much greater the pride of the youthful owner of the toy. This is kite-flying reduced to a science, and a most engrossing one in which many of our greatest aeronauts and meteorologists are deeply interested, for it is a branch of aeronautics which is of great assistance in solving that important problem, the conquest of the air. It is sufficient proof of the interesting nature of the science, one can scarcely term it a pastime, that such prominent men as Col. B. Baden-Powell, Sir Hiram Maxim, of gun fame, Dr. Barton, the well-known authority on aeronautics and acoustics, and Mr. S. F. Cody are strong devotees, and the three last named may be seen in the accompanying photograph watching the



THE CODY KITE.
Preparing for an ascent.



A BOX KITE.

progress of some of their wonderful contrivances at the recent competitions at Finedon. The uses to which the kite may be put are almost unending; for weather forecasting, life-saving, advertising, photography, and many other things it has been put to with wonderful success. By the way, the first recorded scientific use to which the kite was put dates back to 1749, when Dr. Alexander Wilson, a Scotchman, used one for the purpose of sending a thermometer into the clouds. The use of the kite for this purpose is obvious, as it can be kept at one fixed altitude for any length of time, and so enable the instrument to make a proper record. The Americans were the first to bring the kite into active service for regular meteorological observations, Mr. A. Laurence Rotch, the owner of a private observatory at Blue Hill, near Boston, being the pioneer. The experiments were made in 1894, and four years later the United States' Weather Bureau equipped a number of stations in

different parts of America, and under the direction of Professor W. L. Moore a survey of the upper regions was made. Ascents were made daily of about a mile high, with the result that much valuable information was secured, whilst during the experiments many improvements were made in the apparatus. The instruments which are now used to obtain records of temperature, humidity, wind velocity, atmospheric pressure, etc., are wonderfully made, and only weigh about two pounds each. There are various shapes of kites, the most favoured being the box kite, although in America the Eddy kite is much used. Mr. Eddy's instrument is triangular in shape, the usual size being about 100 square feet, capable of pulling from 100 pounds to 180 pounds. Of course, these huge kites cannot be managed by hand, the fine wire which is used being carried from a windlass. The steel wire used is of about the thickness of an ordinary pin, and is capable of withstanding a strain of something like 300 pounds. To Mr. Eddy, of New Jersey, belongs the distinction of being the first to utilise the kite for telephonic and telegraphic purposes, whilst recently kites have been utilised for carrying the vertical wires for wireless telegraphy with considerable success.

Mr. Eddy's kite is adopted from the Malay form, a vast improvement from the original being made by lessening the distance between the cross sticks and the top, and has an advantage over the Hargrave or box kite, which is most favoured in this country, inasmuch as it can be used in the gentlest breeze. The box kite, however, has a far greater lifting power, which when flown in teams may be increased indefinitely. When flown in this way connected back to back so as to all pull in the same direction they will ascend until quite out of sight, 13,000 feet being sometimes reached. Through the efforts of Col. B. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, the kite has been introduced into the Army, and has proved most useful in making observations. He favours a series of kites

MR. S. F. CODY. DR. BARTON. SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

nearly hexagonal in shape and with an area of about 120 square feet. The frame consists of three poles of equal length, one placed upright and called the backbone, the other two across the backbone at right angles, at a distance from either end of it equal to about one sixth of its length. These are quite capable of lifting a man, and Col. Baden-Powell has made several successful ascents. He claims that from a military point of view the kite possesses considerable advantage over the balloon. The apparatus, kite, ropes, and all weigh only a little over a hundred pounds, and can be carried by two men. When the order is given to ascend he can unpack, set up, and send up the kites in about five minutes, whilst no manual labour is required to haul down, as the kites may be lowered by a gentle pull on a regulating line which determines the angle they present to the wind. If the apparatus catches in a tree and gets torn it makes but little difference, and the injury is easily remedied. On the other hand, if it were a balloon to which the mishap fell, the gas would be lost, three wagon-loads more would be required to refill it, and it would need very careful patching before it could be used again. The same advantage would be held by the kite if a hostile bullet had penetrated either apparatus, whilst, finally, the kite would not probably involve a hundredth part of the cost of the balloon.

THE CODY KITE IN THE AIR.

THE WINCH USED BY MR. S. F. CODY.

Mr. S. F. Cody has recently perfected a kite which is somewhat of the form of an elaborated box kite. As may be seen from the accompanying photographs it is fitted with wings, which appear to assist it considerably. This kite easily carried off first honours in the recent competition organised by the Aeronautical Institute with a view of discovering the best and steadiest form of aeroplane for man-lifting kites and dynamic flying machines. A few weeks back Mr. Cody made a daring attempt to cross the Channel in a collapsable boat, which was towed by these kites. The preliminary trip a day or so before showed the possibilities, for although it was blowing very hard and a big sea running both kite and boat behaved splendidly. There is a combined steering gear, which manipulates kite and rudder alike, and the speed attainable is equal to about half the speed of the wind. The kite will also steer eight points to the wind. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment there was very little wind when Mr. Cody decided to start from Dover

in his endeavour to reach Calais. He first attached his largest kite, but this did not prove suitable, and he decided to attach two smaller ones. In company with a gentleman, both wearing life-belts, they put off amid considerable excitement and went off at a good speed in the direction of the French coast. The wind required to keep the kites up is from eight to ten miles, but after getting about two miles out the breeze dropped to such an extent that the hauling rope became slack, and it became necessary to put out a sea-anchor in order to obtain greater resistance. When near the Goodwin lightship the wind changed to the west and lightened so much that the lowest kite dropped into the sea and the second kite was hauled in, and the attempt abandoned when about three miles from land. Although Mr. Cody failed to make the passage the experiment proved beyond doubt that under certain conditions the practical usefulness of the kite is considerable.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WATCHING AN ASCENT.

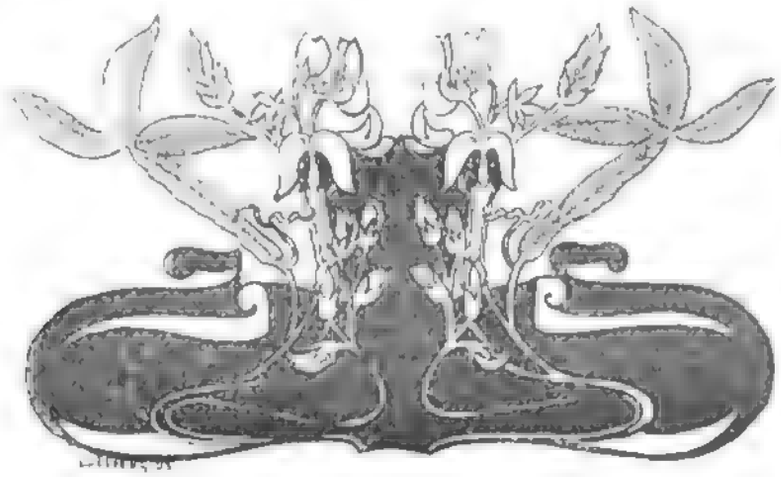


Photo., D. Jarrold & Sons, Norwich.

A NEW SANDOW POSE (XXVII).

Physical Culture amongst Maori Women.

By F. A. HORNIBROOK, SANDOW INSTRUCTOR, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

MAX O'RELL, the well-known French writer, has described the Maoris as a race of fine men allied to hideous women. This humorous critic is scarcely correct in his estimate, for amongst the Maori women are to be found some of the finest that the Southern Hemisphere produces.

MAORIS COOKING AT THE HOT SPRINGS, WHAKAREWAREWA, N.Z.

When one speaks of physical culture amongst the Maori women, one cannot refer to any particular system of practice that embodies the idea of gaining either beauty of form or health; for their physical culture consists rather in the exercise of games and pursuits which have been handed down to them by their ancestors. Swimming occupies a foremost place. In Rotorua, the world-renowned Hot Springs District, the amphibiousness of the native women has always awakened the wonder and the ad-

miration of tourists. Captain Cook remarked the excellence of their aquatic performances.

However, the greatest of Maori relaxations is the dance; the blood-curdling *haka*, or war-dance, which was the undeviating prelude of a campaign, had as its principal object the stimulating of the warrior to deeds of bravery. But in this particular the Maori has degenerated—if indeed degeneration it can be called. At any rate, the affair has become a travesty on its original savagery. They practise still a *haka* in which the women take part; but the nude has been almost entirely abolished, and light European attire has come into use. In recent *hakas* the concertina has been introduced, adding a fictitiousness to the dance. No longer tribe meets tribe with the generous intention of consigning its rivals to the oven. British legislation and the arts of peace have changed the Maoris somewhat, yet beneath the surface is found the same temperament which rendered their progenitors so formidable a foe to even the disciplined British soldier.

Many savage people are noted for the gracefulness and abandon of their movements. The movements of the Maori women in the *poi* dance, the *tangi*, the *waiata*, and the *peru peru*, are the poetry of motion, unfettered and free from conventionalism.

A favourite pastime of the Maoris of both sexes in the "good old times" (?) was the *Maori*. This pastime was not devoid of the elements of danger, which possibly added zest to its performance. Many serious accidents have from time to time resulted; but it is still to a limited extent practised amongst the women of the North Island. It can best be described as a swinging movement produced by placing a long tapering spar firmly on some rising ground, or even sometimes on the brink of a precipice. A number of ropes, according to the size of the spar, are fastened to the top, one below the other at intervals of a foot, from which the people swing. Grasping the ropes in their hands, they run swiftly round, and swing off into space, over the sloping ground, river, or precipice, as the case may be. Then as each person alights, the spar, being relieved from the weight, springs more erect, causing the individuals yet revolving to be lifted higher with a sudden jerk, and to experience a feeling as if the ropes were being dragged out of their hands.

The physical characteristics of the Maori women differ from those of her white sister. The jaw is heavier and more solid, the hips broader, the hair of an intense black and luxuriantly abundant, the eyes large, dark and lustrous. It has often been remarked how deeply rooted into the Maori women are the native temperament and instincts. Education of the completest kind sometimes fails to change them. Many have, after a residence of years at the best schools in England, on their return to their native land preferred to rejoin their people, and discard the civilisation they had acquired —swayed, no doubt, by the untamed spirit that hereditary influences had created. In this respect they resemble the Gypsies, to whom indeed they bear somewhat of a family likeness.

Before the advent of the European the Maori knew nothing of the horse, as it was non-existent in the Islands. But he quickly realised the advantages the horse offered, and numbers of Maoris have become veritable centaurs. Equestrianism amongst the Maori women has reached perfection. They are bold and accomplished riders.

The Angler in November.

By A. R. MATTHEWS *(Anglers' News.)*

WHAT is known as the winter angling season has opened by the time November arrives, and not infrequently this month is associated with some excellent sport in fresh and salt water.

WALTON-ON-NAZE BACKWATERS.
(A Good Whiting Ground.)

Both in river and sea fish of all kinds are found in splendid condition in November, and it follows, as a consequence, that they are all the more sport-yielding. Hook a pound roach or a ten pound pike in the early summer, and fish of the same size in November or December, and the fight they make for liberty will afford a striking contrast. The chub, too, when hooked seems to make a more desperate plunge for his rooty fortress under the overhanging claybanks, and the perch, with his olive-green jacket striped with black, blood-red fins, and spiney dorsal fin erect, is a pretty sight to behold as he chases a shoal of terror-stricken minnows on the shallows just above some deep pool. The "lady of the streams," the thyme-scented grayling, is in the pink of condition, and with frost in the air and some sun on the stream this fish gladdens the heart of many a fly-fisher on such streams as the Kennet, Avon, Itchen, Test, Wharfe, Swale, and Derwent, the home of many fine specimens of the fish with the purple-spotted dorsal fin.

By November the so-called coarse fish have generally apportioned to themselves quarters for the winter, and when I go down to the river with my trusty roach-pole or Nottingham rod I no longer look for the roach on the shallows—their summer haunt—but in deep holes and peaceful glides, a particularly favourite spot being a quiet eddy of 5 feet or 6 feet deep where an old "withy" or bush of some kind shelters the swim from the wind. Not only roach but nearly all kinds of river fish resort to cover in the winter months and the barbel in the Thames—I have seen this myself—are known to shoal under rafts and boathouses

CARTHAGENA WEIR POOL, BROXBOURNE.

for the winter. They also take up their quarters in the deepest holes under banks, and one afternoon, about Christmas time, the water having been fined down gin clear by a severe frost, I saw possibly a hundred large barbel lying in a solid mass in the Thames at Wraysbury. The fish seemed in a dazed condition, and would not look at a bait—the general rule with barbel in the winter. The tench and carp also seem to hide up—the tench are said to partially bury themselves in the mud—but there are still plenty of fish left which will take the bait freely and prove foemen worthy the angler's skill.

I refer to the roach, pike, perch, dace, and chub, while occasionally good baskets of bream are secured after a heavy flush of water in the winter time. The fish mentioned all afford good sport when rivers and lakes are holding what is known piscatorially as "colour" — not the clayey, muddy colour one is treated to at flood times, but a mignonette kind of tint. One professional fisherman of my acquaintance up the Thames swears by what he calls a "blue" water for chub, and really in the winter time, after a fall of snow succeeded by a sharp frost, the water does seem to run that colour sometimes. In this "blue" water I have taken some handsome lots of Thames chub, baiting with bullock's pith, the most killing lure for chub in cold weather. Among the best rivers for chub are the Thames, Great Ouse, Trent, Kennet, Lea, Medway, Wey, Loddon, and Colne, and between November and February large baskets of the "loggerheads" are often made when the water is in condition. The Lea holds some heavy chub at Broxbourne, Cheshunt, and St. Margaret's, especially in the preserved waters. Carthagena Weir Pool, on the "Crown" water, at Broxbourne, and the willow tree swims below it, are known haunts of the Lea chub, and while roach-fishing here last year I was broken up by a chub which must have scaled all 5½ or 6 pounds. I was using the regulation "tight line," and, the fish "pointing" me, there was no help for it—something had to go, and on this occasion it was a good gut cast and a favourite float which in its day had been pulled under by thousands of unsuspecting roach.

A QUIET CORNER ON THE KENNET.

One of the best rivers in England for roach is undoubtedly the Hampshire Avon, which is mostly well preserved and not fished by every Tom, Dick, and Harry. The most famous station for big roach is probably Fordingbridge, and here many two-pounders have taken their last bunch of gentles or cube of bread crust. Both in summer and winter the Avon fishes well for roach, and a dish of November - caught roach forms a delightful picture. Fat, well - shaped fish, they strike the angler at once as being rare fighters, and so they are when hooked on a roach-pole and tight line. It is no uncommon thing to hear of a 50-pound catch of roach being secured at Fordingbridge, with half a dozen 1½-pound fish among the captured, the basket being ornamented just as likely with a 2-pounder. Roach up to nearly 3 pounds have been landed at this station, and I have certainly seen, if I have not caught them, 3-pound roach in the stream not far from the picturesque old bridge which crosses the river at Fordingbridge. What a magnificent shallow broadens out below the bridge! Roach, perch, dace, grayling, and trout—they are all there, and I have seen the water in the Mayfly time simply "boil" with rising fish. The Thames is also a river holding a grand lot of roach. More 1½-pound and 2-pound

roach have been taken from its waters during the past two or three seasons than has been known for many years. There is excellent roach fishing all through the winter

THE LEA AT WARE.

months, especially in the deep, quiet upper reaches. The Kennet, like the Thames, is an excellent river for all-round sport, and it may be truly said that, when the angler's float starts upon its journey in some quiet swim or nook, the wielder of the rod never knows what fish will pull down the tell-tale. It may be a roach or a trout, a chub or a grayling, a perch or a dace. Near Newbury I once during a November day's fishing, baiting with bread crust only, caught roach, dace, chub, one grayling, two trout (which, being out of season, were restored to liberty again), minnows (far too many!), and a small pike, which seized a dace just as I was drawing it to the bank. Perch bite well in the winter, and I would advise anglers to try live minnows and brandlings when out after those fine sporting fish. When the cold weather sets in they collect in shoals, and a dozen or more perch may often be taken at one spot. For perch, the Thames, Kennet, Great Ouse, and some of the Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk will require a good deal of excelling. Big perch are to be met with at Oulton, Ormesby, Barton, and Hickling Broads, and as I write I can hear of several 2-pounders figuring in anglers' creels at Oulton Broad.

November is a great month with the sea-angler who delights in plying the rod for silver whiting, codling, and cod, while all kinds of flat fish are generally inshore then, and yield additional sport. The fishing can be carried on from boat, pier, beach, or rocks. The silver whiting and cod follow in the sprats, and some portions of the Norfolk, Essex, Suffolk, and Kentish coasts simply swarm with the fish. Tidal rivers, creeks, and backwaters are also visited by the whiting, and many a good day's sport I have enjoyed in November in the Crouch at Burnham and in the backwaters at Walton-on-Naze. The Walton backwaters really form themselves into a tidal river, with numerous creeks leading therefrom, the haunt also of large numbers of wild fowl. The sea-angler on the coast often meets with large pollack, conger, and skate in the winter season; and, owing to the many kinds of fish inshore at this period of the year, November each year witnesses the annual competitions of the British Sea Anglers' Society at Deal. The quaint old Cinque Port town is invaded then by anglers, and for three days, providing the weather is fine, the Downs are crowded with angling parties. Before to-day, however, I have awoke on a November morning at Deal to find the lifeboat out instead of the angler's galley-punt. Indeed, both by river and sea the angler in November must be prepared to encounter all kinds of weather; he must take the good with the bad. I would, however, add:—

May the east wind never blow when you go a-angling.

AFTER THE ROACH.

The "New Chum."

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.

HIS name was Bathurst, I remember; a very quiet and gentlemanly young fellow, minding his own business, and with a sort of taking way about him that made everybody like him. At first sight he was nothing wonderful to look at, no showy bulk or anything of that kind, but when you saw him stripped—well, he was a picture!

Before coming out from England, and

"OVER WENT THE TABLE AND GLASSES WITH A CRASH AS HE MADE A MAD RUSH AT BATHURST."

knowing, I dare say, the rough-and-tumble sort of life that lay before him in the Colonies, he had gone through some course of training. Whoever had the handling of him had turned him out as near perfection as one could wish. Every muscle had been tuned up to the proper pitch, and it was all in the right place. And that is the best of this physical culture, or whatever they call it. When a young fellow has to rely on his muscles to pull him through an awkward situation it is a great thing to know that they will answer to the call, and stand to him well in time of need.

We were a rough crowd up at the Tuberon mines in those days; one of the roughest, I suppose, in the whole of Australia. There were some pretty bad characters knocking about, but the worst of all, and the terror of the entire place, was "Rowdy" Rankin.

He was a great, blustering bully of a fellow, standing well over six feet in his vamps, and a thorough blackleg. For a long time he had been "cock of the walk," and no one dared to lift a finger against him.

His great delight was to hector a "new chum." Whenever he got hold of one, he badgered and bullied the unfortunate fellow out of his life. Some, who had sense, bought him off (which was what he chiefly wanted); others, who didn't know him, stood up to him—and were sorry for it afterwards.

Now, when Frank Bathurst came amongst us first, Rankin happened to be away. He was soon back again, however, as big a blusterer and bully as ever.

He wasn't an hour in the place before he heard of Bathurst, and the young fellow's quiet and superior ways. That riled him. He swore that he'd have none of his sort knocking about, and would make him clear out in double quick time.

That very evening he came swaggering into a saloon where Bathurst was seated, with a chum of his at his heels, just such another specimen as himself. The pair planted themselves down near the young Englishman, and started to wrangle on some subject or other, making slaps at Bathurst the whole time.

Rankin was never very choice in his language, but this evening he fairly let himself go. He poured out oaths and blasphemy as fast as he poured the vile whiskey of the place in. His object evidently was to draw the Britisher and provoke him into a quarrel.

Though it was all aimed at him, Bathurst stood it quietly enough for some time, for he was not one to rush headlong into a shindy. At last, after a regular volley of noisy profanity, he turned and stared at Rankin as if he was some natural curiosity.

That was just what the bully wanted. He was on to the young fellow like a shot.

"Now, then," he growled, planting his elbows on the table, and trying to stare the young Englishman out of countenance. "What are you gaping at? Seen me before, eh?"

"Never. I should have remembered you if I had."

"Well, you've had a pretty good look at me this time. What do you think of me?"

"I think," said Bathurst, very quietly, though his lip curled a bit, "that you are a disgusting brute!"

My word! If he'd dropped a bombshell in the place he couldn't have created such a rumpus.

Rankin sat still for a moment from sheer, stupid amazement; then, with a bellow like a bull, he was on his feet. Over went the table and glasses with a crash as he made a mad rush at Bathurst. The latter stood ready for him, every muscle of his body braced, like the well-trained athlete he was.

Some of us who had a liking for the young Englishman, and didn't want to see him hammered, rushed between them, and dragged Rankin back. It was as much as we could do to hold him. He kept sputtering out oaths and blasphemy, and hurling all sorts of threats at his opponent. Bathurst only smiled.

When the bully had calmed down a bit, for I think he knew that all the whiskey he had been drinking wouldn't help him much, Bathurst stepped coolly up to him.

"You're too drunk to fight to-night," he said, looking him straight in the face. "To-

morrow morning, if you like, I'll be ready for you."

With that, he turned on his heel and walked quietly out of the place. Rankin sat down again, growling like some savage beast that had been balked of its prey.

Well, the news of the row and how it was going to end got round to every corner of Tuberon within an hour. There was tremendous excitement about it. Rankin had so long been the terror of the place, most people thought that the young Englishman's chances were very poor. For myself, I wasn't quite so sure. There was something about Bathurst which made me think that we did not know him yet, and that he was one to fight while he had a leg to stand on. For the rest, it was a case of sheer sledge-hammer strength on one hand, and science and training on the other. Which of the two would tell in the long run was a nice point.

Next morning the whole place turned out to see the fight. Rankin, who was cocksure that he was going to polish off the young Englishman in a couple of rounds, had all the rowdy element at his heels. But Bathurst had a strong backing, too. Many of us were determined to stand by him, and see fair play.

The ring was soon formed. Rankin, stripped to the waist, swaggered into it; a great, bulky, brawny rascal, with a fist like a leg of mutton. Bathurst wasn't a second behind, and it was a treat to look at him as he stepped into view. His skin was as white and satiny as a woman's; he moved with perfect ease, and at every movement you could see the grand muscles rippling all

"THE BULLY'S HEAD WENT BACK . . . AND HE FELL IN A HELPLESS SPRAWL."

over him. He was, as I have said, a picture.

"Time!" was called. The young Englishman, with a smile on his face, stepped forward as if to shake hands. Rankin let him come quite close, and then, while he was off his guard, hit out at him viciously. It was a mean, cowardly trick, just what one would have expected from the confounded blackleg, but he gained nothing by it.

Bathurst ducked just in time to avoid the smashing blow. The smile was wiped off his face in an instant, and a very grim sort of look came into it. But still, furious as he might well have been, he kept his head.

He started to lead his man a dance round the ring, drawing Rankin after him, and just managing to slip clear of his mad, bull-like rushes. He was waiting his opportunity, I could see. And it soon came.

Rankin had pulled up a bit puffed. In a twinkling, and with a spring like a kangaroo, Bathurst was in, and landed a straight, clean hit between the bully's eyes. The force of the blow was so great that the young fellow actually recoiled. As for Rankin, he went flop down as if he had been pole-axed!

Cheer? Well, you should have just heard us. As for me, I was hopping about in my excitement like a hen on a hot griddle. I wanted to jump into the ring and clap the plucky young Englishman on the back. It was grand!

They were at it again, hammer and tongs this time. Rankin was striking out in a kind of mad, blind fury; Bathurst as cool as ever. The blows were so quick that one could hardly follow the exchanges. They stood up squarely to each other, and for a little while it was even money on either of them.

But a change soon came. Rankin, puffed and battered, began to give way. The Englishman had all the fight in hands now.

He did not follow up his advantage as much as he might have done, however, or press his man hard, when a little more would have finished the fight right off. I thought it rather strange, but soon tumbled to the idea. He was determined to give the rascally bully a bit of extra punishment for the shabby trick he had tried to play at the start.

That was all very well, but it was a very dangerous game for the young fellow himself. The rowdy element, seeing their man being knocked about so unmercifully, were looking black as night, and beginning to growl savagely. At any moment they might start an ugly rush, when Bathurst would be sure to come in for some rough handling before we could get him away.

I saw so many signs of the coming storm that I leant over into the ring, when Bathurst happened to be near me.

"Finish it, lad," I whispered hurriedly. "Finish it right off; it's dangerous."

He seemed to understand me, and nodded. I saw that he had made up his mind to dilly-dally no longer.

No sooner were they facing each other again than he made a quick feint. Up went Rankin's arm to guard his battered face, and he instantly came in for a sounding body blow. The fellow doubled up with a sort of grunt. As his head fell forward Bathurst caught him a regular clincher on the point. The bully's head went back, his arms thrashed the air for an instant like the sails of a windmill, and he fell in a helpless sprawl. He was knocked clean out!

Well, if we cheered before, it was nothing to the way we cheered now. For a moment or two it was a scene of wild rejoicing on our side of the ring.

We sobered down quickly enough, however, for Bathurst had to be seen to and protected from any possible injury. We got around him in a body, clapping him on the back, and hustled him away in our midst. He was escorted back to the town in triumph.

As for Rankin, when he came round, they say he swore horribly. He had been made to bite the dust. His reign of terror was over, and no one knew it better than himself.

He vowed that he would be even with Bathurst yet; and that, from a man of his stamp, meant that he was bent on mischief. We thought it better to keep a close eye on Bathurst for the next few days, and be on our guard against any treachery.

Rankin kept out of sight, however, sulking in his hut like a dog that had got a good hiding. He didn't dare to show his face in the saloon of an evening, knowing that his comb had been cut for him, and that he was "cock of the walk" no longer. But one or two of those who had seen him said that he wore a very black and sullen look, and that made me fear all the more for Bathurst.

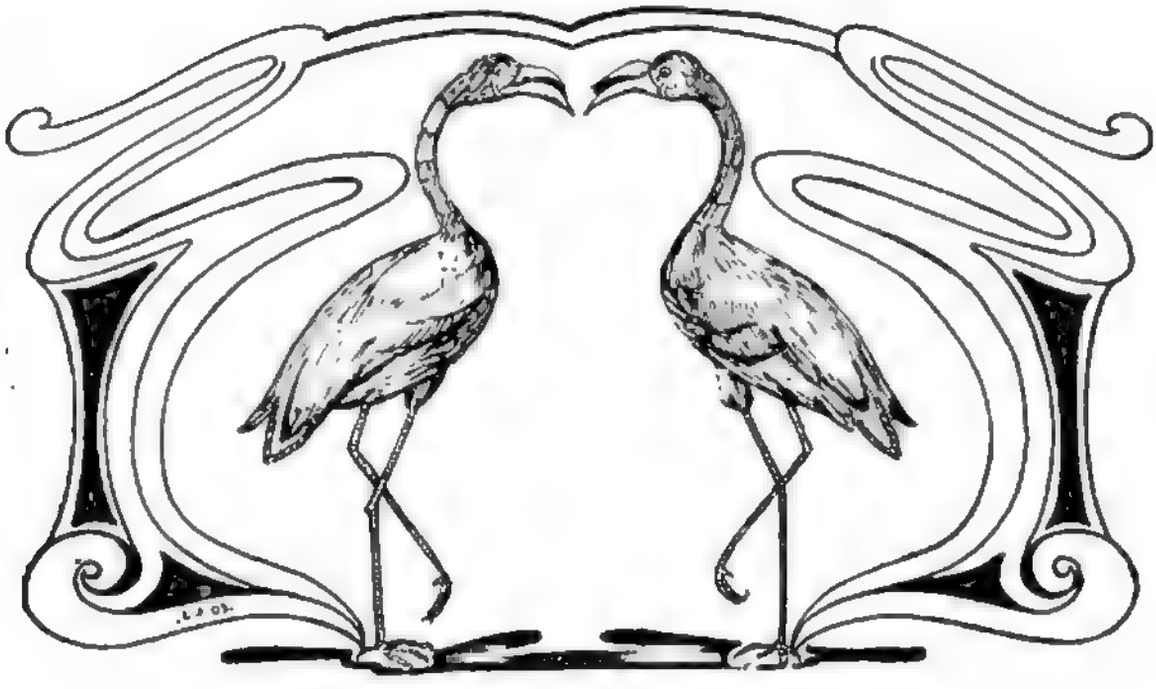
I was right, too, as it turned out. One evening the young Englishman was sitting in the saloon, quietly reading his paper, when there was the sudden crack of a pistol, a shivering of glass, and a bullet just shaved his head. He had been fired at through the window.

"Rankin!" someone shouted.

We rushed to the door in a body; and there, sure enough, was the ruffian tearing away on a horse which he had contrived to steal.

We were mounted, every one of us, and after him like a shot. We chased him for miles across country. But he had a good start, and managed to get clear away.

He never dared to show his nose in Tuberon again. If he had, he would have learned what it felt like to dance upon nothing, suspended by the neck from a branch of the nearest tree.



Indian Clubs.

TRAINING A TEAM.

WHEN the club-swinger has gone as far as he can go in individual work, and the repetition of the same old exercises becomes a weariness of the flesh, however difficult or complicated these exercises may be, there is no reason why he should lay aside his clubs, only bringing them out occasionally for the purpose of giving a display at a concert in aid of some more or less deserving charity. If he does this he will miss what is certainly the most interesting branch of the art of club swinging—the training of a team.

A CARLISLE TEAM.

There *is* a certain limit to the length one

can go in solo club swinging, though that limit is seldom reached; but in team work there is absolutely no limit, for not only can the exercises and combinations of exercises be constantly changed, but the number and formation of the team can be varied from time to time, and movements introduced that are quite out of the reach of the solo swinger.

It is easy enough to get a team of boys on whom to experiment. There are many companies of the Boys' Brigade or Church Lads' Brigade who would jump at the chance of forming an Indian Club Squad, and as there is always some hall in connection with these companies in which to practise, and as the company will probably supply clubs, etc., this is perhaps the simplest plan. On the other hand it is pleasanter to have a team absolutely of one's own, and a very little pocket money will supply the necessary room, Indian clubs, and light dumb-bells, for the general physical culture of the team must be attended to as well as their proficiency in club-swinging. The boys will be found easily enough—an advertisement in a tobacconist's window brought the writer's present team—and many a pleasant evening will be passed by instructor and pupils, made all the pleasanter by the knowledge that they are, in a small way aiding the work of Sandow in spreading the doctrine of Physical Culture.

The secret of successfully training a team is to get the simple movements absolutely perfect before trying any complicated exercises. Take, say, four exercises in each of the four kinds of swings—"Outwards," "Inwards," "Parallel," and "Windmill," and grind away at these for a month or more. Then add a more difficult exercise to the end of each set, and when these are perfect add another, and so on. When the whole series begins to grow too long, knock off one or two of the simpler ones in each set, or cut them down from 16 to 8 counts. All the exercises should be arranged in eights, sixteens, or thirty-twos, so that they may fit into the waltz music to which the team will afterwards perform. Always remember that the simplest exercise, done perfectly, is far more effective than the most complicated done even a little wildly. Good style is everything in squad drill, and the instructor should never neglect to impress this on the team.

A MANCHESTER TEAM.

Clubs of from 1½ to 2 pounds are quite heavy enough. Those are best which have

a gradual curve from handle to base. Clubs with a long thin handle and the heaviest part close to the base are not recommended.

In the matter of uniform the photos of two teams which accompany this article are examples. For young boys, cricket shirts are better than short-sleeved singlets, but for grown-up lads with good development a costume which sets off the latter is to be preferred. A badge of some sort adds greatly to the general appearance. Some kindly sisters, cousins, or aunts may sew the required designs, or the team may manage to manufacture them on their own account. But don't leave this till the last minute before a display or the unaccustomed work of cutting out and sewing on may drive the exercises out of one's head, as nearly happened on one occasion to the writer. All this sort of thing only adds to the interest and enjoyment of training a team. And when it is considered that, besides being a splendid hobby, it does a lot of real good both to the actual team and to those who witness their performance, in the way of encouraging physical culture, it will be evident that the training of an Indian Club-team is a branch of club-swinging well worthy of attention.

THE COAT OF ARMS ON THE KING'S BARGE.

The Man in Charge when the King goes on the River.

A LITTLE-KNOWN HISTORIC OFFICE DESCRIBED BY

C. LANG NEIL.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE highest office open to him, and hence the most coveted distinction the Thames professional oarsman can attain, is that of Bargemaster to His Majesty.

Beside many interesting and some historical functions, the position carries with it the important responsibility of the special care of the safety of the King's person whenever he goes upon the River Thames.

Like most other of this life's emoluments, it is not of sudden achievement, for, no matter what the oarsman's repute or standing, he must first graduate as a

THE KING'S BARGE FROM THE STERN.

King's waterman, itself a position of considerable "up-river" dignity.

The Bargemaster's status is unique, for, just as there is only one Prime Minister at a time, so is there but one Royal Bargemaster.

Nor does the berth fall vacant every day. As in the case of all other "warrants," it is subject to immediate cancellation, but in practice it has come to be "once a bargemaster always a bargemaster," as may be judged from the fact that the late holder occupied his seat of office for some sixty years.

The crew over whom he is captain are selected from the staff of King's Watermen. At present these number thirty odd and are professional oarsmen of renown, recruited from the whole length of the national river, though, I believe, their ranks are to be curtailed. When the present watermen from one cause or another drop out they will not be replaced until one dozen only remain, and at this strength the corps will thenceforward be maintained.

The general public have but few opportunities for a sight of the King's trusty watermen in gala array—the last of these was upon the occasion of Their Majesties' Coronation, when, according to ancient usage, the Bargemaster, followed by twelve watermen in three rows of four, headed the procession to Westminster Abbey.

In olden times the Crown was carried by water from the Tower of London to the Houses of Parliament for State occasions.

THE KING'S BARGE FROM THE BOW.

For the opening of Parliament nowadays it is taken overnight to St. James's Palace, and driven thence on the day to the House, but the Royal Bargemaster still has his share of the responsibility for its safety during transit, and rides, a somewhat incongruous relic of past days, in his robes, outside the carriage, whose occupant, the Duke of Devonshire, presents the Crown to His Majesty.

At such times the Bargemaster's responsibility is more or less a sinecure, for the streets are lined with soldiers with drawn swords, and there is but little opportunity for anyone to decamp with the jewelled emblem of Kingship.

A duty of a more personal character to His Majesty is that of attending all garden parties at Buckingham Palace.

Outside the select circle of favoured invitees it is not generally known that the Palace gardens contain a beautiful little ornamental lake dotted with rustic islets. Upon this water the King's guests are carried for short round trips similar to those of the electric boats on the ornamental lake at Earl's Court Exhibition.

It is to be upon the landing stage, to superintend the embarkation and discharge of the boating parties, that the Royal Bargemaster attends, whilst a dozen of King's watermen, either two in a boat or singly, row the visitors round. The boats are of the usual type of up-river rowing gig—nicely but unostentatiously fitted.

His Majesty recently had built by Tom Tagg, of Tagg's Island, Molesey, a handsome little motor launch, and yet another is in course of construction in which the principal improvement is an almost silent motor, so that the august owner may be less disturbed during his river trips by the incessant whirr of the motor works with which we are every one of us but too familiar.

THE KING'S BARGE AND ITS CREW.

Whilst preferring a motor launch for his private pleasure on the river, there are several river functions at which custom ordains that the King should attend in his Royal Barge.

This elaborately gilded and decorated craft is over two hundred years old, but so good was the wood employed and so true the workmanship, that at this day there is no sounder boat on the Thames. Her proportions prevent her being aught but a slow traveller, yet, when manned by the pick of the watermen, that is to say, some eight professional scullers, it moves rather faster than an ordinary pleasure skiff. The Royal Barge is stored up at Virginia Water, and is brought down to the river, for the special occasions, and also, every now and again, for a practice row. The watermen are clad in vivid scarlet coats and the Bargemaster sits in the stern in his yet more gorgeous array consisting of patent leather shoes with big buckles, white silk stockings, scarlet knickerbockers, and an Eton cut coat of scarlet with more gold braid than an admiral. A cocked hat, and badges of office on his chest and back, complete the attire.

The present holder of the position, W. G. East, is well known to rowing men of twelve years back as for several years champion sculler of the Thames, and, since then, as the most successful of rowing coaches—Guy Nicholls, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, whose marriage was announced a few weeks since, McDowell, Guy Rickson and many another owe in no small measure the shelves of prize cups they possess to skill and watermanship imparted to them by "Bill East."

The time of the Bargemaster is all his own save for his attendance upon His Majesty, so that East may be daily seen—in ordinary civilian garb—at his pretty little inn, The Prince's Head, which is quite a landmark of old Richmond, or in the spring, when he is waterman to the Cambridge University eight as soon as they come to Putney, East is to be found at the Leander boathouse, or may be espied taking the diminutive cox. in a speedy steam launch over the course pointing out all the details of currents and winds which affect that part of the river, and concerning which no man is more fitted to advise.

FISHING BOATS OFF HASTINGS.

An Amateur Equilibrist.

IT is not often that we find balancing feats brought to any degree of perfection amongst amateurs, and therefore the accompanying photographs of Mr. Charles H. Ingraham, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., are the more interesting inasmuch as they show to what an extent even an amateur can arrive at in the difficult art of balancing. Mr. Ingraham is a keen follower of the Sandow system, and has taken up the art as a hobby. He calls into requisition all sorts of household utensils, as can be seen from the photographs, and finds the practice an excellent recreative exercise. Note the properties called into use for the slack rope walking. An arm-chair in one hand, with watering-can, bucket and brush in the other, provide the necessary attributes for preserving the balance, which, judging from the photograph, must have been very steady, as also it appears in the dance on the slack rope with a glass of water balanced on the head. To realise the difficulty of this feat, one has only to attempt to balance a glass of water on his head and attempt to

ON THE SLACK ROPE.

A BACK SOMERSAULT.

SLACK ROPE DANCE WITH GLASS OF WATER ON HEAD.

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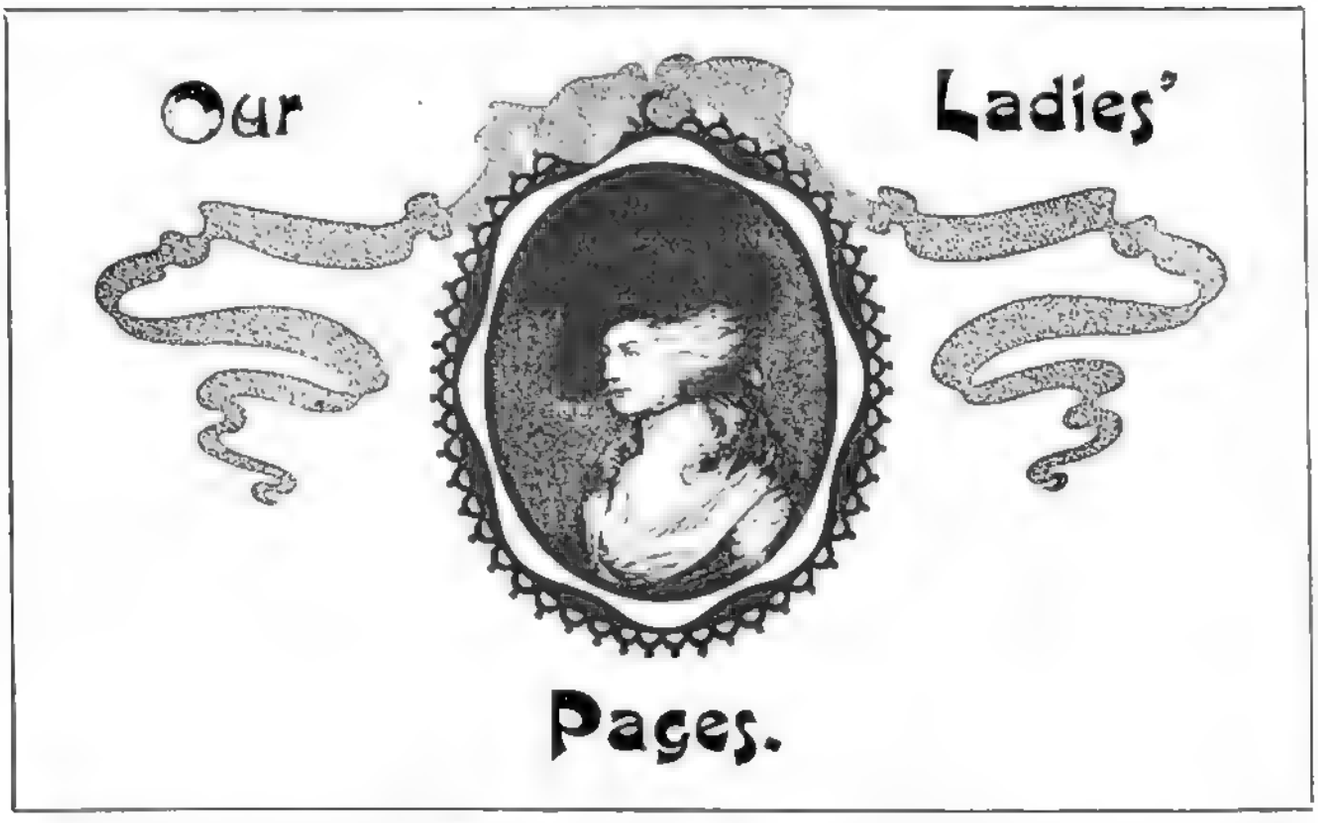
walk with it on *terra firma*. He will no doubt be rewarded with a "ducking." Mr. Ingraham appears to make very little preparation for his chair balancing tricks, which it will be seen he performs in ordinary walking dress, in which his precarious position looks almost incongruous, and whilst he doffs his coat and vest when on the slack rope he finds it politic in consideration of buttons and seams to remove all superfluous clothing in accomplishing a back somersault.

Only those who have attempted to perform one of the apparently simple feats here depicted can appreciate the cleverness of Mr. Ingraham's performance, more especially when it is mentioned that he was well on in the sixties when the accompanying snapshots were taken. The only touching-up the photos have received was in the removal of a dark background, the picture having been taken out-of-doors against an ivy-covered trellis.

CHAIR BALANCE ON TWO BOTTLES.

A HAND BALANCE.

A DIFFICULT CHAIR BALANCE.



MADAM SARAH BERNHARDT was discovered by a visitor recently in her fortress home, perched high on the black rugged rocks of the quaint island of Belleisle, a couple of leagues from the coast of Brittany. She has this year bought a herd of little black Brittany cows, half a dozen big, mouse-coloured donkeys with white tipped noses, and ten smooth-haired fox terriers.

The actress and her grand-daughter, Mlle. Simone Bernhardt, now a charming young woman of seventeen, drink fresh milk, ride about the island on donkeys, play tennis, and wade ankle deep in the sea in quest of shrimps.

Life at Belleisle-en-Mer is simple and patriarchal. Large bowls of delicious coffee and milk, or chocolate, with fresh-laid eggs and rolls of rye bread, are served in the bedrooms from seven o'clock to ten in the morning. The morning costumes are decidedly pre-Raphaelite, consisting of ample flowing mantles of Turkish towelling and sandals.

Corsets and fashionable gowns are absolutely tabooed. Sarah wore a most becoming cream-coloured felt hat, with cream pongee pugree folded and draped over its broad brim. The bodice was of cream-coloured flannel, fitting loosely and gracefully to the body, unencumbered by corsets —articles of dress that Sarah detests. "Corsets!" she screamed, "I hate them! They have done more harm to women than any form of wearing apparel ever invented. I consider them hideous, unseemly, unhealthy, and ridiculous."

Her skirt was of cream flannel, like the waist, and hung in loose folds, giving ample swing to the limbs, but was cut very short, and did not even reach the ankles.

* * *

It is pleasing to note that such a great authority in the musical world as the *Musical Herald* thinks so highly of the Sandow system of breathing exercises as to recommend them to those who take up singing as a profession. In advising the training for a girl of thirteen our contemporary says:—"It would be extremely unwise for so young a child to do more than use the voice gently and naturally. Any forcing, especially of the lower notes, may possibly ruin her future. It must not be forgotten that at that particular age physical development is going on rapidly, and the larynx is not as it were standing still, but is growing

with the rest of the body. Our advice is to leave systematic training alone for a couple of years, and encourage in the meanwhile a natural and easy use of the vocal organs. Breathing exercises on Sandow's system for physical development should first be practised. The difficulty you mention is very probably caused by the lower register being forced several notes beyond its proper limit."

Of course, this is no new honour for the system, as it is well known that such great artistes as Messrs. Ben Davies, Plunkett Green, David Bispham, and many others too numerous to mention have undergone a course of exercise and derived great benefit therefrom.

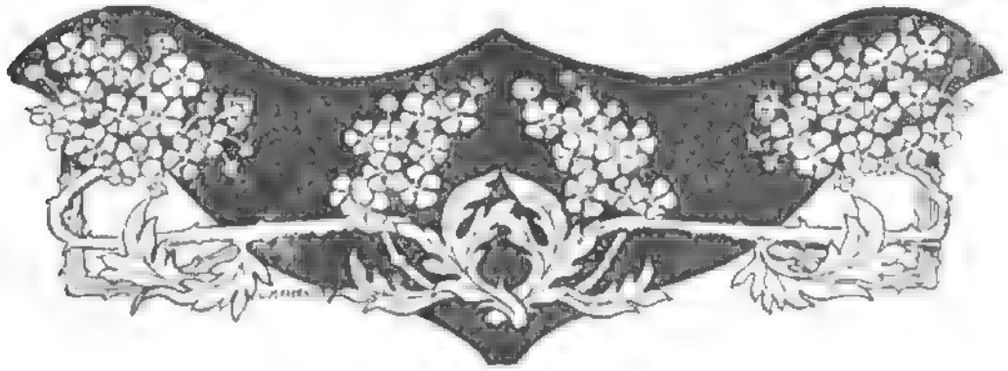
* * *

A lady M.D. writing in *Chic* gives some very good advice to members of her sex in the matter of the improvement of their physique by systematic exercise, and impresses upon her sisters the vital importance of such a course. She expresses the wish that "girls, and especially the idle ones, would appreciate how much physical culture of the right sort would do towards endowing them with health, beauty and grace of carriage. The physical basis of all real womanly beauty is health, and this latter blessing is not to be obtained without a little earnest striving. The ignorance of the majority of young women about the proper care of their own bodies is astounding. Of course, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise; but *is* ignorance bliss everywhere and always? The wise women will answer with me, No; a thousand times No.

"Flat busts, knock-knees, crooked spines, shapeless ankles, ugly feet and hands, red noses, white cheeks, muddy or sallow complexions, lack-lustre eyes, excess of fat, deficiency of muscle, irritability, liver troubles, lung troubles, digestive and other troubles—really, there is no end to the malformations and maladies of women due to want of a rational system of physical culture. Our bodies were given to us to make use of, and if we do not make a proper use of them, Nature, who is a stern task-mistress, has so arranged matters that she will be revenged upon us and make of us anything but things of beauty and joys for ever.

"It is not only the idle and the lazy who are in need of a proper system (for there are systems and systems) of physical culture. Women who work for their living, a vast army in these days, are as much in want of physical culture as those who 'do nothing in particular, and do it very well,' in the immortal words of W. S. G. Any occupation involving the use of one special set of muscles to the exclusion of all the others tends to upset—and in the majority of women does do so—the balance of the figure. In the young it distorts the plastic figure, and the result is seen later in the symmetrical woman who may bike or boat herself dead tired, without in the least degree improving her general appearance.

"There is no royal road to Beauty, but physical culture is the shortest cut to that desirable goal. It gives you a complexion like the rose, lips like cherries, eyes that sparkle with vivacity, an elastic step, a buoyant spirit, sweet sleep and a healthy appetite with a digestion to match. It removes superfluous flesh, and adds it where required. It endows you with the perfection of figure and womanly grace."



To Help the National Physique.

THE LADS' DRILL ASSOCIATION: ITS WORK AND AIMS.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the state of the National Physique has drawn the attention of the public to a question which ordinarily does not receive that consideration which is due to its vital importance. The question of the physical degeneration or improvement of the race is a very vexed one. For the former theory there is high authority in such evidence as the Report of the Royal Commission on Physical Training in Scotland, and the Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting for 1902. On the other hand, in taking a broad view of the subject, there must be borne in mind the steady decline in the death-rate and the disappearance of whole classes of disease, such, for example, as leprosy and scurvy. Could an average of the national physique be struck, it is probable that the *status quo* would be found, on the whole, to have been kept. But averages are deceitful things, and in this case the balance would be maintained only by an undoubted improvement in the physique of the upper and middle classes compensating for an equally undoubted deterioration in the condition of the lower orders.

The statistical results of the Commission's enquiry are, however, of comparatively little importance, save in so far as they may tend to encourage efforts such as it is proposed to describe in this article. Even should it be found that the deterioration, so generally supposed, does not exist, and that the standard of the national physique has been maintained or even raised, there is no reason why public and private endeavour to improve that standard should cease. Especially deserving of support is any movement which has for its object the introduction of a systematic physical training amongst those on the lowest rungs of the social ladder—the mass, the bulk of the population. Our purpose here is to deal with the work and aims of the "Lads' Drill Association," a private society of enthusiasts, whose efforts have already been crowned with a considerable measure of success, and give promise of still further achievement in the future. Readers of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, in particular, cannot fail to be interested in some account of the methods by which the Association seeks to further the worthy cause of physical education.

The avowed aim of the Association is twofold: to promote (a) the establishment of a national system of physical training for boys and girls in schools; (b) the formation of Cadet Battalions and Corps throughout the country. It is with the first of these two objects that we are mainly concerned here, though upon the second, in so far as it possesses an influence upon the main subject under discussion, we shall touch briefly later on.

Turning to the methods of the L.D.A., it becomes necessary first of all to dispose of the charge of militarism which has been levelled at them. It is no secret that not a little friction has taken place between the Lads' Drill Association and the National Physical Recreation Society, with its kindred body, the British College of Physical Education. The accusation brought by the two latter Associations has been that the L.D.A., in seeking to introduce a uniform system of drill and physical training, based on the Aldershot system, aims merely at militarising the boys—"making soldiers of them," in brief. The charge is quite without foundation. The contention of the L.D.A.—a very sound one, as it seems to us—is that any system of physical training to be universal must be uniform. In the formulation of

such a system, military drill has been taken as a *basis* only, not *because* it is military, but for the simple reason that it offers the best foundation upon which to build up a simple and effective course of physical training. The "Model Course" issued in 1902 by the Board of Education, as the result of representations by the L.D.A., for use—by girls as well as boys—in the upper departments of elementary schools, is based upon the Aldershot system, and contains nothing to which the most ardent opponent of "militarism" could take exception. Commencing with the simple elements of drill—turnings, forming fours, etc.—it progresses through a series of marching movements and free gymnastics to simple dumbbell and stave exercises. As to its effectiveness no one who witnessed the display given in June last year, at the Albert Hall, when ten teams of boys and girls performed its various exercises before a numerous audience, will be likely to dispute that. At the present moment, however, the course is in abeyance, pending the issue of a revised edition by a committee appointed by the Board of Education, acting in conjunction with the Scotch Education Department.

A CADET CORPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.
"During the late war, when a visit from Kritzinger's commando was feared, the boys of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, turned out for active service in the trenches."

The issue of this "Model Course," though the Board of Education refuses to make its employment compulsory, has achieved in great measure the L.D.A.'s object so far as the children are concerned. There arises, however, the question of the teachers; for unless these are properly instructed and qualified, they are not competent to impart instruction to their classes. Here the aim

of the L.D.A. is to effect the formation of classes for the proper instruction of school teachers, and their subsequent examination as to competency, without cost, or at a minimum of expense, to the teachers. Up to the present, though the Association has secured the assistance of the War Office for the instruction of teachers in State-aided schools by qualified Army instructors, all expenses incurred thereby have to be borne by the teachers undergoing such instruction.

Such a state of affairs is naturally a bar to progress. The scheme which the L.D.A. proposes as a remedy is as follows:—That central gymnasia should be formed in the big towns, including a head institute in London, for the purpose of training, free, teachers from the elementary schools throughout the country. These gymnasia should be civil in character, State-supported, and under the control either of the Board of Education or the local municipal authorities. This is the more desirable, since what we may term the acrobatic tendency which has latterly come over the Gymnastic School at Aldershot renders the employment of Army instructors under the present arrangement with the War Office less satisfactory than at first. Of a piece with the formation of these gymnasia would be the institution of an Examining Board, appointed by the Board of Education, which would be empowered to grant certificates of competency to school teachers passing through the course of instruction. This would be a great gain, there being at present no proper standard in such matters. It was at one time proposed that the L.D.A. should issue certificates of competency to teachers satisfying tests as instructors in the "Model Course." Such an idea, however, was abandoned. Certificates are already given broadcast, not only by private societies, but by private individuals who receive payment for the same, and it was felt that it should be left to the Government to establish its own standard and appoint its own judges.

The fulfilment of this scheme in its entirety would set the physical training of the country upon a permanent basis. Pending its achievement, however, much can be done independently by the municipal bodies. In a circular addressed by the L.D.A. to the chairmen of educational bodies, it is pointed out that by Clause 2 of the Education Bill, the training of teachers is specifically mentioned as one of the functions of the local education authorities. In many districts these powers have already been employed to good advantage—notably, for example, at Macclesfield, where physical training on the lines of the "Model Course" is admirably carried out.

So far from the aims of the L.D.A. being imbued by "militarism," the Association is actuated solely by a desire to establish throughout the length and breadth of the country *compulsory* physical training on proper principles. The scientific and *equal* development of the bodies of the youth of the nation is the only method by which the nation can combat the deterioration of its common physique. The N.P.R.S. and the B.C.P.E. must show that the system of training employed (in other words, the "Model Course") is radically wrong, if they would have faith in the work of the L.D.A. shaken.

Into details of the scheme by which the L.D.A. prosecutes its second object—the formation of Cadet Battalions and Cadet Corps throughout the country, it is scarcely within our scope here to enter. As regards its aims and intentions in this connection the Association avows its determination not to cease working until the rudiments of military training are brought within the reach of every able-bodied subject of His Majesty in the British Isles. It considers that only by this means can conscription, with its attendant evils of militarism, be avoided: and it is not a little singular that in this belief it should receive the strong support of the most vehement opponents of militarism and war in all its form—the Social Democrats, to wit. In his pamphlet on "Social Democracy and the Armed Nation," written for the S. D. Federation, Mr. H. Quelch lays down the principle that "militarism is an evil against which we have to fight with all the means in our power." The conclusion he arrives at is that Social Democrats, instead of advocating universal disarmament, should persistently agitate for universal armament—compulsory military *training* (as

distinct from *service*)—in brief, the Armed Nation.

From the special point of view taken in this article, one feature of the L.D.A.'s campaign in this matter is particularly interesting. This is the approval which has been obtained from the Secretary of State for War of non-uniform cadet corps being placed on equal terms with those conforming to the ordinary dress regulations. One great reason for this demand has been the great reduction of expense which it has made possible. Its effects, however, have been still more far-reaching and beneficial. No one familiar with the average military tunic, as turned out by the average military tailor, will pretend that the garment is healthy, or even comfortable. Tight-chested, tight-collared, it retards instead of permitting development, and is certainly not the right clothing for growing lads. Dr. Almond, the late founder and headmaster of Loretto School, that Scottish Sparta, whose unconventional (yet most simple and commonsense) views on hygiene have been so splendidly justified by the magnificent physique and health which seems to be the inheritance of every Lorettonian, took a strong line in regard to military uniform. Though an ardent advocate of drill, and a staunch upholder of the principle that every boy should be trained to bear arms, he refused to organise a cadet corps at Loretto until he was permitted to clothe its members in a uniform which, open at the

A NON-UNIFORM CADET CORPS ON PARADE.

The Cadet Corps of the Grocers' Company's School, whose headmaster, the Rev. C. Q. Gull, is the leader of the non-uniform agitation.

neck and giving free play to the chest, should conform to his ideas of commonsense and comfort.

The prime leader in the agitation for non-uniform cadet corps is the Rev. C. Q. Gull, headmaster of the Grocers' School, Clapton, where military drill is part of the school curriculum, and the corps parades, as will be seen from our illustration, in plain clothes.

But apart from its military import, there is this great consideration also in favour of the cadet corps movement: that probably no more powerful antidote can be found to the "hooliganism" which of late has seemed to lay hold of our slums like a cancerous growth. It is here that the cadet corps comes to the assistance of the gymnasium. You may teach a boy to have a care for his body, to develop his frame, and you may incidentally thereby create some measure of self-respect in him. But it needs some such organisation as a cadet corps, with its discipline, *esprit de corps*, and military glamour, to fight the evil influence of bad company and idle hours. The religious bodies have recognised the fact, the Church Lads' Brigade, and the Boys' Brigade, organisations whose objects are avowedly religious, being the result. But, admirable and deserving of all support as these organisations are, many, if not most, of those who have been brought into closest and most direct relations with hooliganism in its acute phases, would agree that there are two reasons why these brigades cannot be expected to cope alone with this particular evil. They attract the better-intentioned rather than the rougher and more lawless set of boys, who, unhappily, are not prepared to submit themselves to anything in the way of religious obligation: whilst they lack just that force of actuality which has such a magnetic attraction for the young, and the boys have an uneasy feeling that they are, after all, only playing at soldiers.

The cadet system is general throughout all our colonies, and the value of such training was proved in the admirable service performed by our colonial contingents in South Africa. Apart altogether from fighting qualities, the latter provided perhaps the *toughest* material in the whole *personnel* of our force. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, during his colonial tour, saw several thousand of these young colonials, and not only made special reference to them, and the value of the cadet movement, in his farewell letter to both Australia and Natal, but expressly referred to the admiration they had aroused in him, in the course of his speech at the Guildhall, on his return.

In Victoria and all the Australian colonies, as well as in New Zealand, cadet corps have been for years established. The most usual uniform is simple—a coat with a stand and a fall collar, cap, and trousers—and is capable of being worn as a civilian dress. Commenting upon the changes wrought in the physique of lads by the military drill and training, the late Commandant of the Victorian Military Forces (Col. H. S. Brownrigg) referred to the "marked improvement of the boys in walking about, standing, and an almost total disappearance of the usual slouch": while Col. Penton, late Commandant of the New Zealand Forces, referring to the success of cadet corps in Maoriland, expressed his approval of the useful service done by the senior corps (boys of 14 to 18) in keeping the boys off the streets at a particularly dangerous age.

In Africa, especially in Natal and Rhodesia, the cadet movement has obtained no less strong a hold. During the late war, when a visit from Kritzinger's commando was feared, the boys of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, turned out for active service in the trenches: no small testimony to their physical fitness and readiness. The Maritzburg College cadet whose portrait we reproduce is alertness itself: a smarter little nipper you could scarcely find! The boys, too, of the Hilton College team, which won the Government Challenge Shield, are sturdy enough exponents of what military training will do for physique.

Ceylon has organised into one large cadet corps the volunteer companies of the larger schools in Colombo and Kandy. Canada is rapidly developing the already deep-rooted cadet movement.

When Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Ceylon, and Canada thus show the way, shall the Mother Country lag behind?

NOTES of THE MONTH

Beauty Show for both Sexes.

Early in the present month Leeds is to have a beauty competition, open to men and women in the North of England. The Leeds Physical Culture and Health Society is promoting the scheme.

Two prizes of £200 each are to be presented respectively to the most perfectly developed man and the most beautifully proportioned woman. The competition is to be in connection with the Physical Culture Exhibition at New York, beginning December 28.

The contestants are in the first place to send their photographs and a number of details to the judges. Men are to specify their age, height, weight, chest measurements (relaxed and expanded), circumference of neck, size of biceps (relaxed and expanded), forearm, waist, thigh, calf, and ankles.

It is delicately suggested that the ladies should be "particular" as to age, and they are asked to say whether they are single or married.

There has been a preliminary display at the Kirkstall Road Gymnasium, the headquarters of the society, but what is known as the "semi-final" is to take place at the Leeds Albert Hall on November 19.

The successful candidates at this gathering will be conveyed, free of charge, to America, to take part in the "final" at the Physical Culture Exhibition in New York on December 28.

The show has set some people wondering whether, in the event of such contests becoming general, it would be found that the girls of the present generation are as beautiful as their mothers were before them, ere yet gymnastics, cycling, hockey, and golf formed part of the British girl's training.

A Baker Street photographer gave it as his opinion that physical culture had enhanced the beauty of the girls of to-day. They compared most favourably with those of twenty-five years ago in face and form.

"We do not now have as sitters," he said, "the sick and

MR. WM. G. EAST, THE KING'S BARGEMASTER.

(*See page* 318.)

sorry, weary and languid lackadaisical girl of the seventies and eighties. Twentieth century girls are more robust types of beauty.

"If there is no acknowledged queen of beauty in the theatrical profession it is because so many actresses share the distinction among them. A stage beauty show, for example, would give the judges a very hard task.

"Among the throng of comparatively unknown ballet girls of the music-halls and the pantomimes are many real beauties.

"Similarly, the ranks of London shop-girls include not a few fair women who might challenge, for face or figure, their luxurious sisters in society."

Another photographer considered the standard of loveliness among British women was never higher than it is to-day. Admitting the handsome figures of "Yankee girls," he yet claimed for the daughters of Britannia superior charms in every way, excepting vivacity of manner.

He also remarked the decline of vanity among London's beautiful women, attributing this to the more active lives they led.

"Men," he said, "are the vainer sex. We have a lot of trouble with male sitters. I believe they are much more concerned to please the girls than the girls are to please them. Coxcombs outnumber coquettes.

"Physical culture is assuredly setting men up to a remarkable degree, and the prospect of attaining handsome proportions goes far to encourage manly pastimes. A national male beauty show would dispel the impression, entertained by some, that the race of Englishmen is degenerating."

* * *

The accompanying photograph from Rhodesia, which my correspondent is pleased to entitle "The March of Civilization," is chiefly remarkable for the ingenuity of the "two little nigger boys" in rigging up their impromptu gymnasium. By means of a pole stuck into the ground and lashed to some packing cases, they were able to obtain a satisfactory substitute for a door-post and are apparently enjoying to the full the healthy exercise engendered.

* * *

I have received a letter from Mr. Jack Sharp, of Lancashire, the well-known county cricketer and Everton footballer, drawing my attention to the fact that the photograph which appeared in last month's magazine in

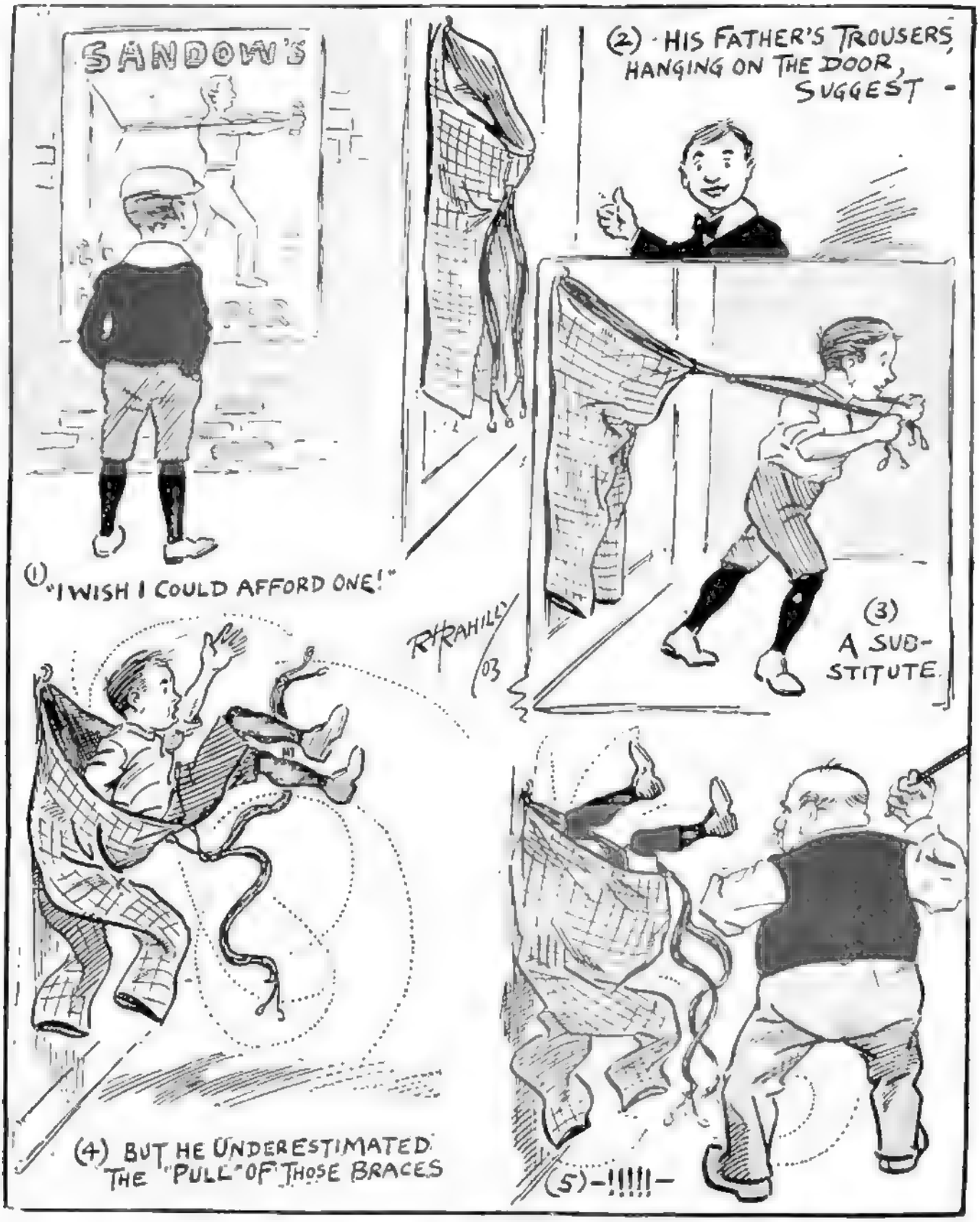
"THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION."

the article dealing with the Association football season was not of himself, but a footballer bearing the same name, who was recently secretary to the Reading club. A comparison of the two photographs shows such a marked similarity as to make the mistake almost excusable, but, nevertheless, I regret the inadvertent error.

* * *

The National Physique.

To all those who find time to observe a little of what is going on just outside their immediate purview as they pass down the thoroughfares of the world there must come at times the disquieting sense of how much priceless opportunity is being lost and of the number of avenues, which are perversely left closed just because nobody will take the trouble to clear the route and request people to step through. Now and then there is heard a voice raised telling those who will listen that the best is not being done, that we are merging too comfortably into a routine state of dull, unideal'd complacency, assuring us that there is every reason why we should not be too well satisfied—and that is certainly the truth. One of the many points which are allowed to lapse, and the neglect is well-nigh criminal, is that of physical training. We are not as a nation what we ought to be. Much is lacking, and in this connection it is of use to call attention to a pamphlet just issued by Mr. H. F. Trippel, Principal of the Military Training College, Richmond, Surrey. Mr. Trippel refers to the melancholy fact that out of every five men who present themselves to the recruiting sergeant three are found at the end of two years' service to be, or to have been, physically unfit. And, as he proceeds to point out, it is useless to elaborate plans to attract men to the Army if the proportion of men rejected is already so disastrously high. Thinking men will be at one with him when he says that the physical element in education must precede the mental; physical education, therefore, lies at the foundation of all successful training. It is pleasant to be able to see, however, during the course of Mr. Trippel's lucid expositions that there is light ahead. The under-sized specimen of humanity is a reflection on the race; the evil must be arrested before it has gone any further. How is this to be done? Mr. Trippel answers the question at once. "Putting aside," he says, "the arguments for and against compulsory service, I would suggest that 'compulsion' and efficiency should be applied to gymnastics, drill, and physical exercises, and that this branch of education should be genuine and obligatory in all schools of the country. If the power of concentration be developed in childhood, the rest will follow. We shall get a physically well-developed youth and willing submission to necessary discipline, qualities absolutely indispensable to the foundation and maintenance of a nation's greatness. Only here should be added a word of caution. Physical exercises, which are essentially 'drill,' cannot be taught by amateurs; a man must have been through the mill himself to be able to evoke th full power of concentration in others. And what better use can be found for a great number of reservists, now being turned adrift from South Africa, than by engaging their services as drill or gymnastic instructors?" The pamphlet is one which ought to be distributed broadcast through the land. It is an argument for strength, strength of arm, power of endurance, in a word, manhood, given which the rest must follow as the night the day. It is only when some writer of authority goes direct to broad issues, telling us what is needful, that such a salient question as this—the question of the importance of national physique—goes right home, and that the observer is brought up sharply with the blank certainty before him that things are not quite satisfactory in the state of England and that it is high time to call a halt and give orders anew. England must never lose ground. The fact that the national physique has deteriorated is one which is a real cause for alarm. It should not, it must not, continue. And the remedy? This is not a question of class or mass or of trivial personal interests, but of the nation itself, and that nation's life. The privileges and the influence of England as paramount civiliser are held in trust by the generation, and cannot be handed on intact to those who are to follow if, owing to some misconception of duty, some impeding network of hidebound ignorance, the stamina of the race is allowed


SANDOW'S
I.U.
(1) "I WISH I COULD AFFORD ONE!"
(2) HIS FATHER'S TROUSERS, HANGING ON THE DOOR, SUGGEST -
(3) A SUB-STITUTE.
RYRAHILL '03
(4) BUT HE UNDERESTIMATED THE "PULL" OF THOSE BRACES
(5) -!!!!-

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED!

to be weakened, if not destroyed. In the preface to the pamphlet Lord Meath lays special stress on the vital need of physical as well as moral training. United we stand, divided we fall. To those who have come into life by the main and royal entry there should be cause for immense disquietude in the spectacle of poor stunted specimens of humanity whom one, alas! meets with in a day's march. They are English by birth, by language; but what feeble caricatures of the Englishmen who have been given a commanding place in the world! It is needless to insist on the circumstance that on the physique, the well-being, of the individual citizen, the life and thought and romance of the country are built up. Gone are all our ideals if the old qualities of the race are permitted to die out, vanished for ever, the theory of a nation true to its past, if the old virility is allowed to be destroyed. We are all too apt to let slip the idea of imperialism, in small things as well as in great. In this admirable argument in favour of physical training many saddening statistics are given. In Birmingham 40 per cent. of the youngsters of eighteen years of age cannot so much as pass the ordinary test for the Volunteers. Well, Mr. Trippel shows us the way out of the trouble.—"Sportsman."

* * *

Olympic Games at St. Louis.

For the World's Championship Meeting to be held at St. Louis in July of next year it has been decided to include the following open events:—100 yards run, putting the 16-pound shot, running high jump, 880 yards walk, throwing the 16-pound hammer, pole vault, 120 yards hurdle race, throwing the 56-pound weight, running broad jump and one mile run.

It was decided that the distance for the cross-country championship shall be eight miles: one mile on the track in the arena before going out in the country, six miles across country, and one mile to finish on the track.

The events for the gymnastic championships will be as follows:—Parallel bars, long-horse, side-horse, Indian clubs, rope climbing, tumbling, horizontal bars, flying rings and all around standing apparatus championship.

Swimming Championships:—100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, half-mile, one mile, plunge for distance, and fancy diving and water polo championship.

One of the most important departments of the exhibit of physical culture will be the department of physical training, which will arrange the programme for this branch for the year. To this end papers will be sought from eminent workers in the field of physical training and allied sciences as to the national system of gymnastics and their relation to the pacific characteristics among the people. School gymnastics with and without apparatus will be shown in as complete a way as the opportunities presented will admit. Historical papers will be read, and it is the intention to have an extended exhibition of games suitable for the conditions of city life, and games which can be played by large numbers of children in limited spaces, and games which can be played under the restrictive condition of the classes.

The strong men of the world will have ample opportunity to settle the question of supremacy in connection with the Olympic games, an all-round dumb-bell contest having been arranged, open to amateurs. It will be divided into ten sections, five sections each day. On the first day sections 1, 2, 5, 7, and 8 will be contested. On the second day sections 3, 4, 6, 9, and 10. The sections are as follow:—

SECTION 1.—Holding out one dumb-bell in each hand at arm's length, the bells to be started with the arms perpendicular above the head and dropped down from there to straight out at arm's length from the shoulder horizontally.

SECTION 2.—Curling one dumb-bell in one hand.

SECTION 3.—Curling one dumb-bell in each hand at the same time.

SECTION 4.—Tossing up one dumb-bell from the ground to the shoulder with one hand.

SECTION 5.—Tossing one dumb-bell in one hand from the ground to arm's length above the shoulders in one motion without stopping at the shoulder.

SECTION 6.—Pushing up slowly one dumb-bell with one hand from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder.

SECTION 7.—Jerking up one dumb-bell with one hand from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder.

SECTION 8.—Pushing up slowly one dumb-bell in each hand from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder.

SECTION 9.—Jerking up one dumb-bell in each hand from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder.

SECTION 10.—Composed entirely of original cats at the option of the contestant.

The scoring for the first nine sections will be on the basis of five points for first, three points for second and one point for third. For section 10, the judges and referee will have the power to award the points in any number they think proper, but the total number of points divided among the contestants in section 10 shall not exceed twenty-five. Bells will be furnished contestants. Any contestant may furnish his own bells, but this will not prohibit any other contestant entered in the tournament from using the same bells.

No. 2, that has been arranged for the strong men, was in the original programme at Athens in 1896. It will bar lifting with two hands from the ground to the shoulder, thence vertically above the head.

* * *

The two photos accompanying the article on Indian Clubs represent teams trained by Mr. Theo. Crawford, who won the Amateur Indian Club Championship of Scotland four times, and is an enthusiast in all branches of physical culture. Both in Carlisle a few years ago, and in Manchester at the present time, his efforts in training teams have been most successful.

* * *

Firemen and Physical Exercises.

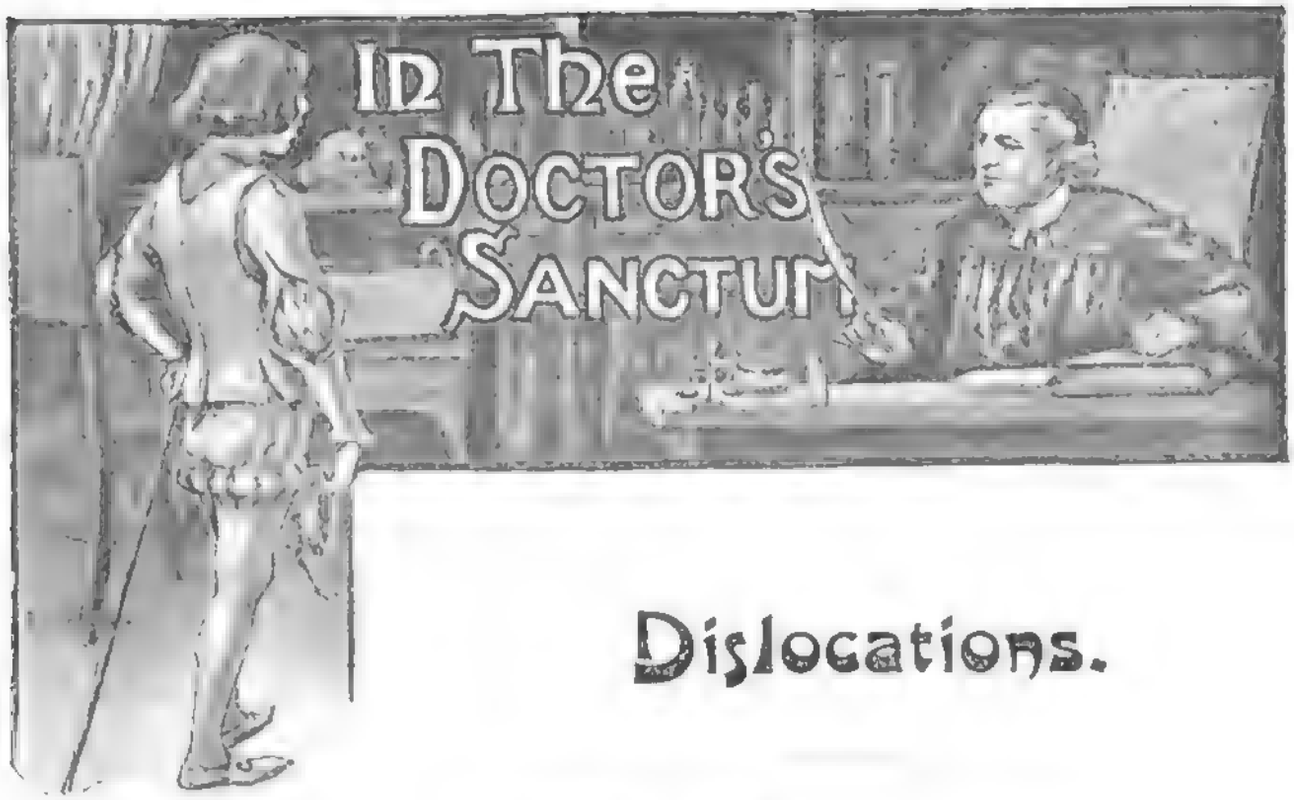
Captain Hamilton, the chief officer of the London Fire Brigade, has accepted the invitation of the Amateur Athletic Association connected with the brigade to become its president. In accepting the invitation "with honour and much pleasure," the new chief officer, in a letter to Mr. J. Adams, the hon. sec. of the Association, says:—"I would take this opportunity of remarking that it is a duty men owe to themselves and to the service to which they belong, the nature of which leads to so much confinement, to take as much physical exercise as possible within their quarters daily, and without, whenever they are on leave, so as to preserve their health and agility. A club such as this gives men on leave the opportunity of easily obtaining this exercise, and the founder (Captain Wells) certainly deserves our hearty thanks."

* * *

When a lady of Maida Vale was rash enough to express an opinion concerning a certain coal-scuttle, differing in some respects from the opinion held by her housemaid, the latter, with the utmost dispatch, seized her by the hair and dragged her into the street. This adds fresh terrors to the servant problem. A strict search will have to be made through the "treasure's" boxes to find whether she possesses a Sandow's developer or dumb-bells.—*The Globe.*

* * *

In consenting to teach wrestling in Sandow's School of Physical Culture, Colquitt Street, Liverpool, Mr. Tom Cannon is only carrying out what he was long ago urged to do in another form. When spoken to on the subject, his reply was that he had frequently been asked to take pupils, but had been compelled to decline them for want of sufficient time. A long list of victories, gained during many years in competition for the world's Graeco-Roman championship, proves him to be the most scientific living exponent of the particular style named. Catch-as-catch-can, or Lancashire wrestling, was his first style, and though, in a group of three or four contemporary athletes, he might have formidable rivals, his knowledge of the science is, at least, quite equal to theirs. The Sandow School is, therefore, to be congratulated on an initial engagement which ought to go the round of the Sandow establishments in the metropolis as well as the provinces. Excellent raw material is abundant in this city and country, and, with Mr. Cannon for a preceptor, there is little doubt that the result will be to perpetuate the prestige we have so long held through himself and a few others.



Dislocations.

THE SHOULDER.

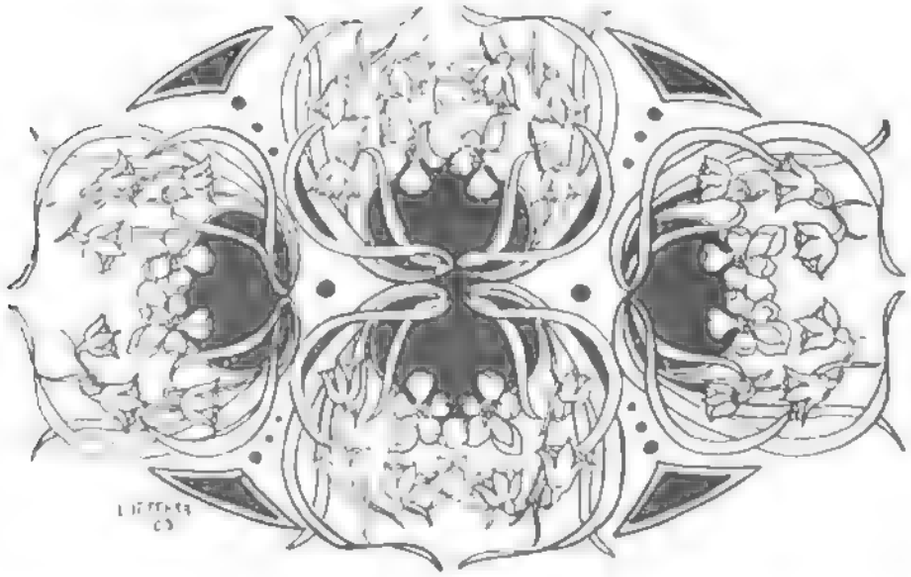
SO many are the dislocations that one comes across in the football field that I propose devoting one or two short dissertations to the commonest of these, and so impart to you a little knowledge, which I trust will enable you not only to relieve the suffering patient, but also save his pocket.

It stands to reason that if you can at once diagnose the dislocation and know how to return the part to its normal condition, there will be much less difficulty in the operation than if you leave the patient for, say, half an hour or so—and it is sometimes very much longer before a doctor can be found to effect this—because by that time possibly certain adhesions have begun, and the parts being swollen not only does it cause the patient much more pain, but gives the doctor a great deal more trouble. Imagine to yourself a brawny Yorkshireman, or, say, a pupil of Sandow's, being taken to an unfortunate delicate 5 ft. 6 medico with his shoulder dislocated, an hour or two after it has occurred! What chance would that poor doctor have of returning the bone to its place, unless, of course, he uses pulleys? And yet if one of the players had had only a little knowledge of the subject, without the least difficulty he could have placed back the bone in its socket, and, as I said before, saved the patient pain and expense; and bear in mind the doctor may measure his fee by his trouble, and so make his charges rather tall. Having mentioned the shoulder I will take that part of the anatomy first, it being in truth the most prone to dislocation. I shall merely give you an outline of how the dislocation occurs, how to know that it is a dislocation, and what course to pursue to successfully replace the bone into its socket in the simplest manner and with as little pain as possible.

First, as to how it occurs. The commonest way a dislocation can be sustained is in the case of a man falling and throwing out his arms to save himself. Falling heavily the arm is driven up and the head of the bone breaks through the capsule at the axilla. If the force has been great the head of the bone escapes through a hole and, as a rule, slides up to the front of the scapula (shoulder blade). And here is where that muscle that Mr. Sandow has taught us so well how to develop, I mean the deltoid, makes itself very useful in preventing the bone from wandering to an unlimited extent. This it does with the help also of the ligament from which surgeons derive the

name of this dislocation (*subcoracoid* dislocation). And now with regard to the diagnosis, or how to tell that it is a dislocation of the shoulder joint. Gently strip off the jersey or clothes and stand face to face with the patient. You will see that the outline is interrupted, and that the deltoid, instead of being round, is more or less flat and the fibres are also more on the stretch. This you can easily feel. You can without difficulty detect the head of the bone. The condition of the elbow is rather peculiar, as it is rigidly fixed and cannot be brought to the side; this and the general outline ought to be enough for your diagnosis. You may, however, to satisfy yourself, ask the patient to attempt to bring his elbow to his side and put at the same time his hand on the opposite shoulder.

Having arrived at the conclusion that it is a dislocation of the shoulder, and having felt the position of the head of the bone, you next proceed to place it back in its socket. Although there are several ways of doing this I cannot recommend you a more simple method than the following:—Seize the head of the bone with the left hand, and with your right grasp the humerus. Whilst with your left hand you are manipulating the head into the socket, with the right bring the arm close to the side, rotating the humerus outwards. Then flex the arm along the side of the chest as closely as possible and put it in a well fixed sling. Having got the bone back into position, do not let the patient be in a hurry to move the arm, indeed, I would not recommend passive movements for at least eight or ten days after, in some cases for a fortnight. I may add that shoulder dislocations are rather complicated, for there are so many species of dislocations, but I have given you by far the commonest kind. With regard to the Deltoid muscle, I will tell you that as strong as it is both it and the ligament are sometimes torn across. One thing more I would like to advise you, and that is, not to go about your work in a half-hearted way, but having decided what you are going to do, use your hands gently but firmly, and be as quick as you can, so as to give your patient as little pain as possible.



A Plea for Physical Culture.

THE following excellent article written by "Ubique" appeared in a recent number of "The Broad Arrow":—

So much controversy has taken place lately concerning the standard of recruits and young England generally, that it is possible public interest may have somewhat flagged on this subject. The writer of an article called "The Soldier of the Future," in "The Broad Arrow" of the 5th inst., and Mr. Eugen Sandow in an article on "National Physical Culture," in his own magazine, lament the decay in physical attainments of our young men, and attribute it greatly to the ignorance displayed by most mothers in the matter of giving proper nourishment to t' eir young. How, then, can the standard be raised? Amongst the middle and upper classes opportunities are to hand to develop and foster the idea of physical culture by means of gymnasia in schools, the playgrounds, and later by the more manly pastimes of fencing, boxing, etc. But it is amongst the class from which we hope to draw our recruits that this idea is almost universally unknown, and, even when known, disliked. The reason is not far to seek. Unless the liking for such hard work and desire for a healthy body is inherent, the restriction of self-indulgence, necessarily entailed, is looked upon with disfavour. As Mr. Sandow says: "There are thousands of youths who are totally unfit to undergo any training." Yet in time it must be possible to diminish these thousands to hundreds, and, again, to tens.

The root of all the evil, then, lies with the parents. Later on it lies with those who have temporary charge of the lad's education. Board and parish schools, and such like institutions, are secondarily responsible. Much has been done recently in schools for the middle classes in the shape of physical instruction, but it is not with this class that I propose to deal. All over the country free gymnasia can be seen, and boys may be observed playing about on the bars, etc., provided. Do these boys have any proper instruction, and do they benefit at all from the erection of such institutions? I doubt it. And why? Because, even if they do, there is nothing systematic about it. Some of these boys drift into occupations of agriculture and industry, some into the Army and Navy, and some into nothing. These latter would become useful men had they the opportunity to benefit by parish and Board School instruction. Not only physically, but also morally, would they improve, since sound morals must inevitably result from a strong healthy body at that age of life.

There is at present only one man who has seriously thought out this intricate problem. That man is Eugen Sandow, whose schools may be met with in many, but not in enough parts of England. As he says himself: "My object is not to produce abnormal muscular power, but a systematic development of the whole body by the scientific use of all muscles, many now lying dormant and unused." Only those who have been through a course of his thorough training can know and realise the value of the acquired knowledge and the increase of such muscular power as nature has endowed them with. Let us look again at the above lads, who may ultimately become His Majesty's soldiers, and who are now being abused by the nation as "undersized," "immature," etc. Whose fault is it that they are so? Not their own, certainly. If, at a young age, instruction could be given them in the correct methods of breathing, deportment, and general development, there would be fewer national outcries against the stamp of young soldier. Surely this should not be difficult to give? Mr. Sandow could yearly train hundreds of instructors, who would be well qualified to undertake the task. One instructor could easily attend half-a-dozen parish or Board schools twice a week. More than this at first would not be necessary or advantageous.

What is the system usually imparted at such gymnasia? Are many scientific principles acted upon? I think not. A great deal more harm is done to boys by unmethodical teaching than is visibly apparent. Gymnastics are an excellent thing, but there must be some groundwork and preparation beforehand.

Passing to more military interests, let us study the way in which our recruits are physically developed. On joining the depot or garrison, the recruit is at once put through a course of gymnasium consisting of free marching, light dumb-bells, and finally a little gymnastics. Instructors are plentiful, and in each garrison there is an officer or inspector of gymnasia per district. At Aldershot, and in a few large military gymnasia, Mr. Sandow's system has begun to attract attention, and many of the instructors have been through his course. It is taught in a half-hearted way, although its value is being recognised. Why not take it up seriously and devote particular attention to it? Every such military institution should have instructors capable of imparting it. Primarily, then, from a purely military aspect, the nation, and secondarily the gymnastic instructor, is responsible for the lads who are voted "immature," etc. The superintending officer and his staff are in every way a highly-trained, efficient, and hard-working body, and there is no desire to decry their merits, but it is the general system prevailing which is at fault. Why have to say that "Mr. Sandow's system is being adopted as far as it is possible?" Surely this can only mean that the usual starvation in funds is the cause of its not being completely and thoroughly adopted. If two months of the course were devoted to really scientific instruction in the acquirement of knowledge in the use of muscle power and its application, there would be a sound foundation upon which to work. By such a system as Mr. Sandow's can satisfactory results alone be obtained, and one month of work on his system would do more good than three of the work usually given. In a military gymnasium, or any other for that matter, does one usually hear any explanation given of the object of each exercise, the use of different muscles, the correct position to stand in, and, above all, the importance of correct breathing? It is not generally known that correct breathing has perhaps more to do with physical development than the mere exercises. Concentration of thought, will, and energy are alike essential, and good results will only be brought about by attention to every detail. As regards cost, £100 would provide the necessary outfit to start any military gymnasium. The cost then is not excessive, though it might be reduced in the case of Board or parish schools.

In conclusion, I must apologise for much that has been said and urged before, though not on perhaps the same lines, and with a plea for a national and military system of scientific application to the principles of physical culture. Let us then go to work and properly organise the instruction necessary to develop young England in the right way.

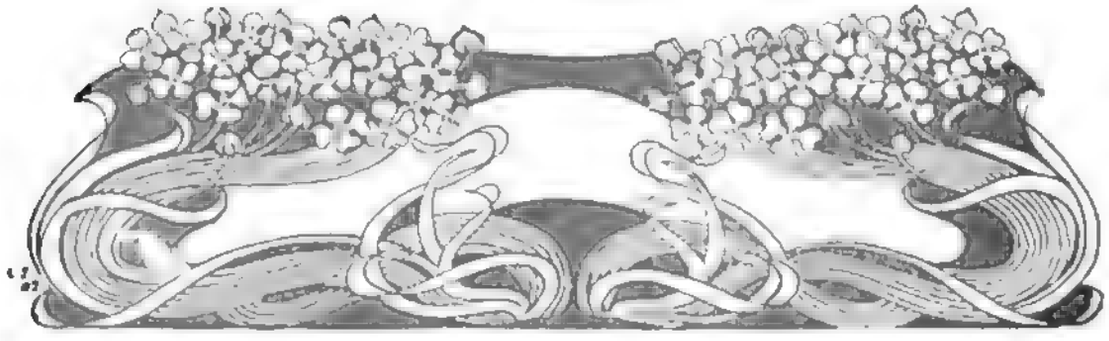


Photo., D. Bernard & Co., Melbourne.

A NEW SANDOW POSE (XXVIII).

THE KNIGHT OF THE FALCON.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON JUAN VALERA.

By M. De A y P.

CHAPTER I.

A THOUSAND years ago or more there existed in the most reserved and rough part of the Pyrenees a magnificent Benedictine abbey. The Abbot Eulogio was in truth a prodigy of virtue and science.

Things at that time were going badly throughout Europe. On all sides there were fierce struggles, robberies and murders. Nearly all Spain was under the law of Mahomet, except perhaps two or three small States where, 'midst craggy, steep rocks, the Christians took refuge. In the midst of this evil, the abbey could be compared to a holy ark holding in custody and saving from the universal struggle knowledge, good customs, and human culture.

Great was the faith of the monks in their prayers and in the goodness of the Almighty, but they did not disdain worldly prudence. To defend themselves from the invasions of the bandits, Moslems and powerful barons, they had fortified the abbey like an impregnable castle, and they had in their service hundreds of well-armed veterans.

The abbey was both rich and famous: rich by means of its fertile valley, which the monks had cultivated with great trouble, and from which they collected an abundant harvest; and famous through its education, because here were to be found the sons of the best houses of Spain and France receiving instruction in arms as well as letters. Amongst the monks there were wise philosophers and theologians, and very few had not at some time or other carried arms before retiring from the world.

Thus they taught peace and war: the humble and pacific student would follow the calling of priest or monk; whilst the bellicose and inclined to active life would go forth from the abbey as well trained in the art of war.

The abbey had from fifty to sixty novices or students, and they all dressed in the habit of the order, except in the hours of exercise.

A certain evening in April, just after Vespers, at which the novices sang the Psalms, they all adjourned to the recreation ground for a couple of hours as usual. Amongst the novices there was one, a Spaniard, of obscure origin, which went very much against the high nobility of which the others boasted. Six years before, this youth had come to the abbey seeking refuge, without anyone knowing from where he had come. The charitable abbot gave him shelter, and he, with his profound humility, with his constant application, with the wonderful intelligence that he displayed in his studies, and with the strength and agility which he demonstrated in all the sports and exercises of the abbey, he captured the heart of that venerable servant of God, who loved him like a son and candorously admired him. This led to a great deal of envy amongst the students,

and above all amongst the French ones. They used to treat him with disdain, they would make fun of him, and they would even insult him, all of which he suffered with evangelic resignation. For this they named him Placido.

Placido had just achieved a great triumph, and this had caused tremendous envy amongst the other novices. He had composed an inspired and devout Latin hymn to the Holy Virgin, so full of beauty and so rich of mystic love that the monks, being enchanted with it, had sung it in the choir, and had given the young (poet) composer the highest of praises and thousands of blessings.

His companions, desirous of humiliating him on that evening of April, although he walked away from them with meekness and modesty, they followed him, and two of the most insolent went to the extent not only of reminding him of his obscure origin, but of insulting his mother in the most infamous manner.

The lamb of a sudden was converted into a brave lion. Fortunately, he had no arms, but his fists served him as well. With a straight blow from the shoulder he floored, bleeding at the mouth, the first of his offenders. Then, placing himself against a wall, he received the attacks of three or four others.

It had all happened so suddenly that no one had thought of interposing, when another of the novices, a son of one of the most noble houses of France, intervened, saying: "It is cowardly for so many to attack one. Leave him to me; I shall chastise him as he deserves."

So imperious was the voice, so imposing the appearance of that boy, that the others obeyed, and all then formed a ring.

The French boy then fell on Placido, who guarded the blows without receiving even a scratch. Furious was the struggle. Firmly they both held on. Neither gave way. Had it not been for the heavy breathing of both, and for the sweat that rolled down their burning cheeks, well could they have been taken for a couple of bronze statues.

Who knows how this struggle would have terminated? Badly, without doubt, if the abbot had not arrived in time to separate them; and after censuring in a few words the others, he ordered Placido to follow him to his cell.

CHAPTER II.

With broken voice the abbot thus spoke to Placido:—In vain, my son, I have hoped that some day you would have been my successor in the government of this abbey. I know all that has occurred, and I cannot blame you. The affront that they made you was difficult and almost impossible to tolerate. Plain it is that God has not destined you for the contemplative life. Besides this, it is impossible that you stay even an hour longer in this holy house, where you have been the cause of an unfortunate scandal, although the fault has not really been yours. The boy with whom you fought is most powerful through his birth and richness, and you cannot continue living where he is. Therefore you can see that no other resource is left to me but to oblige you to leave the abbey immediately. But you will not go forth destitute and without some proof of my affection towards you. The abbey is rich, so is the abbot, and in nothing better can he employ his money. Take this purse full of gold. Hugo, the captain of the archers, has orders from me to give you, saddled, the best charger in our stables. Run, put on your arms, mount your horse and go.

With tears of gratitude rolling down his cheeks, and respectfully kissing his hands, Placido took his leave of the abbot, who in turn embraced him and blessed him. Two hours after Placido, alone and armed, wended his way through a dense grove of pines and along a footpath which followed the twisted course of the bank of a stream, between high hills.

CHAPTER III.

The night was fearful and gloomy. In this solitude thousands of sad thoughts came to Placido. Recollections of his childhood surged to his mind with strange clearness.

He remembered that, six years before, he had been thrown out from another asylum with a severity and harshness somewhat

different. From his childhood, of which he had very dim recollection, he had been brought up in the castle of the terrible Don Fruela, that powerful magnate of the mountains. The castle was situated on a height near the coast. From there Don Fruela accustomed to go out with a strong mounted force to penetrate into Moorish territory, desolating and plundering all before him, or he would embark his satellites in some of his galleys and would start on a pirate cruise or hunting the other cruel pirates that infested those seas and invaded and devastated the coasts of Spain; these were the Norman idolaters of Norway.

Placido, charitably sheltered in the castle, a child of unknown parents, had been brought up lovingly by Dona Aldonza, the wife of Don Fruela. Up to the age of eight years Placido and Elvira, the daughter of Dona Aldonza, had lived as brother and sister. Elvira being of almost the same age, they played and learnt together.

"FURIOUS WAS THE STRUGGLE NEITHER GAVE WAY."

These two children had become greatly attached to each other, and Don Fruela, seeing this and fearing for the future, ordered his wife to keep them more apart. Dona Aldonza complied with her husband's orders to the best of her ability. This separation only produced, as they grew, an opposite effect to that desired by Don Fruela, as their attachment for each other grew stronger than ever. And so we find them at the age of fourteen.

An event at the hunt, however, decided the future of these two young lovers. Elvira's horse bolted into the forest. Placido followed her to save her, but only arrived at the moment that the horse that Elvira was riding stumbled and fell, bringing her heavily to the ground. Fortunately she was not injured. Placido dismounted and flew to her help, lifting her in his arms. Instinctively, without knowing what they were doing, giving way to a sudden impulse, perhaps moved by the invisible genii and spirits of the forest, their lips closed in one long kiss. Placido for a few moments thought himself transported to paradise; but very quickly, in a cruel manner, he realised that he was still in this hard world, for a shower of brutal whip lashes fell on his shoulders. Don Fruela had surprised him, and was chastising him furiously. The huntsmen and the pack were now approaching. The boy, affronted, although still so young, did not stop to consider the danger nor the unequal contest, but, javelin in hand, he attacked Don Fruela. Elvira interposed, disposed to receive the wound and save her father. Placido then let fall to the ground the javelin. The humiliation made him shed bitter tears.

The fierce Don Fruela, far from being satisfied, set the dogs on him and ordered the huntsmen to discharge their arrows at him.

"Save yourself, Placido, save yourself!" implored Elvira. "If you do not go, my body shall be your shield and they will kill me before you."

Placido then realised the danger and the impossibility of defence. He feared more

for Elvira's life than for his own. He was as agile and quick as a doe; he knew every turning or corner of the deepest part of the forest, and very quickly he disappeared, but not without exclaiming in his boyish voice, but in firm tone: "Your being her father has saved your life. To-day I flee; but some day I will return to ask of you her hand as the only satisfaction of your insult."

During all his years in the abbey, Placido had never forgotten the affront, but kept that painful remembrance hidden in the bottom of his soul. The horror that it gave him to return to attack Elvira's father, his humility, resignation, and other religious sentiments inclined his spirit to desist from his vengeance. As insulted and unable to revenge himself, he did not wish to mix again with the outside world, he had decided to pass his life in the cloister. Up to the day on which the insult to his mother had roused afresh his proud blood, he had been the most patient and best of the students. Thrown into the world again, at the age of twenty, full of vigour and well armed, where better could Placido go than to the castle of Don Fruela to call him to account?

CHAPTER IV.

Stopping in the road only for a short rest, Placido arrived at the residence of his childhood. Trusting in God, right and valour, without fear, he approached the gate of the castle.

All had changed. In its place all was loneliness and silence. Although it was midday, there was not an armed man or even villager to be seen. The drawbridge thrown over the fosse gave free entry to all. The shield of granite-like stone that surmounted the principal gate was covered with jet-black cloth.

In a short while, through an old servant, the only person that he found, and who on dismounting held his horse, he learnt of the terrible misfortune that overwhelmed the family. Don Fruela, accused of high treason, was in Oviedo and was already condemned to death. His accuser was Don Raimundo, the High Steward of the Palace. Three gentlemen of the house of Don Raimundo were ready to sustain the accusation in the lists against the defenders of Don Fruela. But Don Raimundo was so powerful and feared, and Don Fruela was so hated for his unbearable haughtiness, that no one had come forth to defend him. In three days the time allowed would expire. No sooner did Placido learn all this than the old rancour was converted to pity in his generous soul, and he resolved to be the champion of him who had so brutally insulted him, prove his innocence and free him from death. In the castle there was only the old servant.

Dona Aldonza and Elvira had gone to Oviedo to throw themselves at the feet of the King and implore his pardon for Don Fruela, although with but little hope. In any case the honour of the family would be stained.

Without delay Placido prepared to depart for Oviedo; but before departing the old servant assured him of the love that Dona Aldonza and Elvira bore him, and the much that they had thought of him during his absence; and he added that they had left with him a present for Placido, that he was to hand over to him if by chance Placido should appear at the castle. With this he went for the present and handed it to Placido.

It was a shield: in the centre of its steel plate figured, in enamel, a falcon, the head of it covered with a hood and held by the beak by a white hand resembling that of a woman.

"You have on your right shoulder," said the old servant, "indelibly engraved, a falcon similar to that of the shield. By it you will some day be recognised, and it will then be known who are your parents. Meanwhile my lady and her daughter declare and call you Knight of the Falcon, and in testimony of it they give you that. May God watch over you, Knight of the Falcon, in all your ventures, whether of battle or of love, is their prayer and mine."

CHAPTER V.

Three days after, a few hours before the expiration of the time allowed to Don Fruela,

having rested in Oviedo and prepared himself for the combat, with a blowing of trumpets entered the lists the Knight of the Falcon, with closed visor and lance in its place.

In loud, resonant voice he proclaimed the innocence of Don Fruela, called calumniators those that accused him, and challenged the three either successively or together against him. Don Raimundo's champions appeared one after another. The combats were very short.

The Knight of the Falcon, with wonderful dexterity and valour, in less than half an hour made the three bite the dust, one of them seriously wounded.

The crowd that surrounded the ring burst into loud acclamation and applause.

"MY SON, MY SON!"

The Knight of the Falcon was carried in triumph to the palace, and presented to the regal Court.

The King, informed of all that had happened, was anxious to see him; and more anxious still to see him was his noble and unfortunate sister, the Infanta Dona Ximena, who was with the King at that moment.

"Knight of the Falcon," said the Infanta, before the King could speak, "why do you carry a falcon enamelled in your shield?"

"Your highness," answered Placido, "because I have it also stamped indelibly on my right shoulder."

Dona Ximena, with loving eyes, looked into the handsome face of Placido, and imagined that she could see the Count of Saldana as he was in his youth twenty years back. She could not contain herself any longer; she approached the youth, took him in her arms, and covered his face with kisses, exclaiming:

"My son, my son!"

The King, throwing aside his severity, and going towards the youth, also embraced him and said to him:

"I recognise you; you are my nephew Bernardo. I make you head of the Casa Fuerte and Squire of the Carpio. As Bernardo del Carpio, you will be recognised in all countries and in all ages for famous deeds. Your father shall be forgiven, shall leave the prison, and will be legitimate husband of my sister."

In effect, the King complied with his promise. The Count of Saldano was let out of the Luna Castle, where he had been shut up; and, in spite of his prolonged confinement, he was still a very handsome man.

For five consecutive days there were magnificent festivities in Oviedo. The wedding of Bernardo del Carpio and Elvira was celebrated at the same time as that of Count de Saldana and Dona Ximena.

Some days after it was discovered that it was Don Raimundo, the High Steward of the Palace, who had robbed and sent to be murdered the child Bernardo, furious at being jilted by Dona Ximena. The men charged with killing the child had had pity on it, and, instead of murdering him, had left him at the gate of the castle of Don Fruela. This and many other wicked actions of Don Raimundo which were discovered, proved him to be an abominable monster, and the King sentenced him to be hung, at which the citizens of Oviedo rejoiced, because Don Raimundo was hated by all, rich and poor.

It only remains to say that Elvira and Bernardo lived happily ever after.

Historians tell us that the fight interrupted by the abbot in the convent in the Pyrenees

was renewed at a later date not far from the abbey, and terminated gloriously in Bernardo's favour, Don Roldan, his antagonist in his novice days, meeting now his death at Bernardo's hands.

DON JUAN VALERA.

Don Juan Valera is now considered Spain's best writer, and his novels are more widely read in Spain than any other author's. His "Pepita Jimenez" has run into a great number of editions. Don Juan Valera was once in the Diplomatic Service, and represented Spain at various Courts, amongst them that of Washington. He has now retired from the Diplomatic Service and devotes his time to literature. He is a member of the Academy.

"PLACIDO FLEW TO HER HELP, LIFTING HER IN HIS ARMS."

(*See page* 344.)

THE LONGEST VOYAGE ACROSS ARCTIC ICE.

By I. SUART ROBSON.

THOUGH many may discuss the use of Arctic journeys, as examples of dauntless courage and endurance under severe hardship, and as feats of strength and physical prowess, their annals are of interest alike to all lovers of adventure and athleticism.

To Captain Cagni, second in command of the Arctic Expedition led by H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi, belongs the distinction of having made the longest sledge journey over Arctic ice, and of having approached nearest to the Pole.

The crew of the "Polar Star" proposed to reach this much-desired goal by anchoring their vessel in as high a latitude as possible, and then completing the distance with dogs and sledges. The object was not achieved, but it is no mean glory to have out-distanced the famous Nansen and "broken a record."

The Duke of Abruzzi had intended to lead the sledge party, but during the winter spent at anchor at Teplitz Bay, his left hand was so severely frostbitten that the ends of two fingers had to be amputated, and for a man with unhealed wounds to attempt the difficult march would have been sheer folly. It was therefore under Captain Cagni's direction that, on February 20, the Expedition, including two officers and six men, with 104 dogs, left Teplitz Bay. The party was divided into three detachments; the first was to return after twelve days' march, bringing news of progress made to the encampment; the second was to turn back at the end of twenty-four days, whilst the third was to push on to the Pole.

It was an eventful moment for all when farewell was said, and the sledges let down on the icepack for the start. The long-talked-of journey had actually begun, and there stretched before the heroic party "the seemingly endless waste of frozen sea, on which so much suffering and so much grief awaited them." North and north-east lay a field of old ice, rugged and difficult to cross; north-west was newly-formed ice, covered with a saline efflorescence resembling minute ferns, beautiful to look upon, but offering strong resistance to the sledges and badly hurting the paws of the dogs.

Two days of this rough travelling were endured; then the intense cold forced the Expedition to return to the hut. To make a successful journey several alterations in their outfit were absolutely essential, and to pursue the march under present conditions would merely entail fruitless suffering. Three weeks were found necessary for the further outfitting of the party, and on March 11 a second start was made. Captain Cagni and his companions bade farewell to the Prince with more feeling on this occasion than at their first parting, since now they had a better knowledge of the hardships awaiting them, and of the innumerable difficulties they must surmount. In the minds of both Cagni and his Prince there scarcely remained a hope that the Pole would be reached, but both were strongly convinced that the glory of having reached a higher latitude than had yet been

made by previous expeditions might still be theirs.

Travelling was even more arduous than in February, and every 200 yards or so the party had to stop and force a passage for the sledges with their ice-axes; every now and then wide channels crossed the route, and the utmost care had to be exercised in getting past them. Very bad ice was soon encountered, with pressure-ridges from 36 to 40 ft. in height, whilst the northern route lay over what seemed an endless plain, covered with great jagged blocks of ice, thrown about in confusion, as by the hand of a giant. Four men had always to work ahead with the ice-axes, and on several days, after eight hours of toilsome going, only three or four miles had been covered. During the first eight days not a single satisfactory march was made, and the average distance covered proved far below what was required to obtain any success from the Expedition. Though all worked gallantly, the result of their work was, says Captain Cagni, "downright maddening." First, the want of light and later the intense cold proved terrible hindrances. "We are scarcely alive," Cagni writes again and again in his diary; frozen fingers and impaired vigour made every task increasingly toilsome; to pitch the tent, to load it for the march, to repair the sledges, which suffered badly from the roughness of the ice and their frequent immersion in unexpected channels, all occupied valuable time, and could only be done slowly under such adverse conditions. Often, out of sixteen hours spent on foot, only about eight and a half would be passed in travelling. Yet, worn out as the party were when night fell, to sleep was difficult, owing to the intense cold, which froze the sleeping bags and forced the men to lie hour after hour with aching limbs and chattering teeth.

On the 23rd of March the first detachment, consisting of Count Querini and two men, started on their return journey to the camp with news of Cagni's progress and a roll of photographs of the most striking and difficult moments of the last twelve days. "Our souls could hardly repress a feeling of envy for those who were returning to comfort, to life, and to their country as we greeted each other with a last wave of our caps," writes Cagni, little dreaming that, though *he* was to return in safety and good health, he and those with him had looked their last upon the

"WITH SHOUTS OF JOY WE HOISTED THE ITALIAN FLAG."

first detachment. Over the fate of Count Querini and his men a cloud of mystery must always hang. The weather was fine, if cold, and the ice constantly in contact with the coast when they left Captain Cagni, yet they never reached the hut. Some accidental mishap, unforeseen and unavoidable, must have been met with, and ended lives gallantly risked in the cause of science.

"THEY TURNED THEIR FACES TO THE LEVEL EXPANSE OF ICE, LIT BY THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

Nine days later, the second detachment, led by Dr. Cavalli, left the little Expedition, which had now to push on alone over the frozen and lifeless desert. "The departure of our friends has severed the last link which unites us to the world," writes Cagni on that morning, "but it does not inspire us with terror. It seems to say, 'Now all depends on you; unite all your forces, give them fresh vigour, and go forward to reap the fruit of the sacrifices made by all your comrades.'" In this dauntless spirit the four who remained on the northern march pursued their way, hoping to meet favourable weather and make quicker progress than had been possible with a greater number of sledges and weightier baggage.

The next three weeks were weeks of intense suffering. The weather was the worst imaginable for Arctic travel; snowstorms and gales kept the Expedition within camp for days, when every moment was of utmost importance. At the end of the third week came a couple of days of clear sky, pure atmosphere, and bright sunshine, and their hopes of achieving some satisfactory result once more rose high. It wanted but three days to that planned for their return, but to Cagni the idea of return with nothing accomplished was hateful, nor were his men less enthusiastic. He called them into the tent and discussed the matter frankly with them, explaining plainly the risks incurred by going forward for another week. The rations they carried must be reduced if they were to be made to cover an added number of days, and if they were so unfortunate as to be overtaken by another snowstorm, the event might easily prove fatal. The three men refused to be discouraged. They cried unanimously, "Forward! Let us go on till we have reached 87° N.!"

To reach latitude 87° N. it would be necessary to do a march of about 100 miles in a week, an unusual and extraordinary feat, and well might the leader hesitate, even at the last moment, to take a step which involved such peril to those who followed him. If that high latitude were reached, would they be able, when enfeebled by hardship and reduced rations, to make the return journey? He resolved to turn

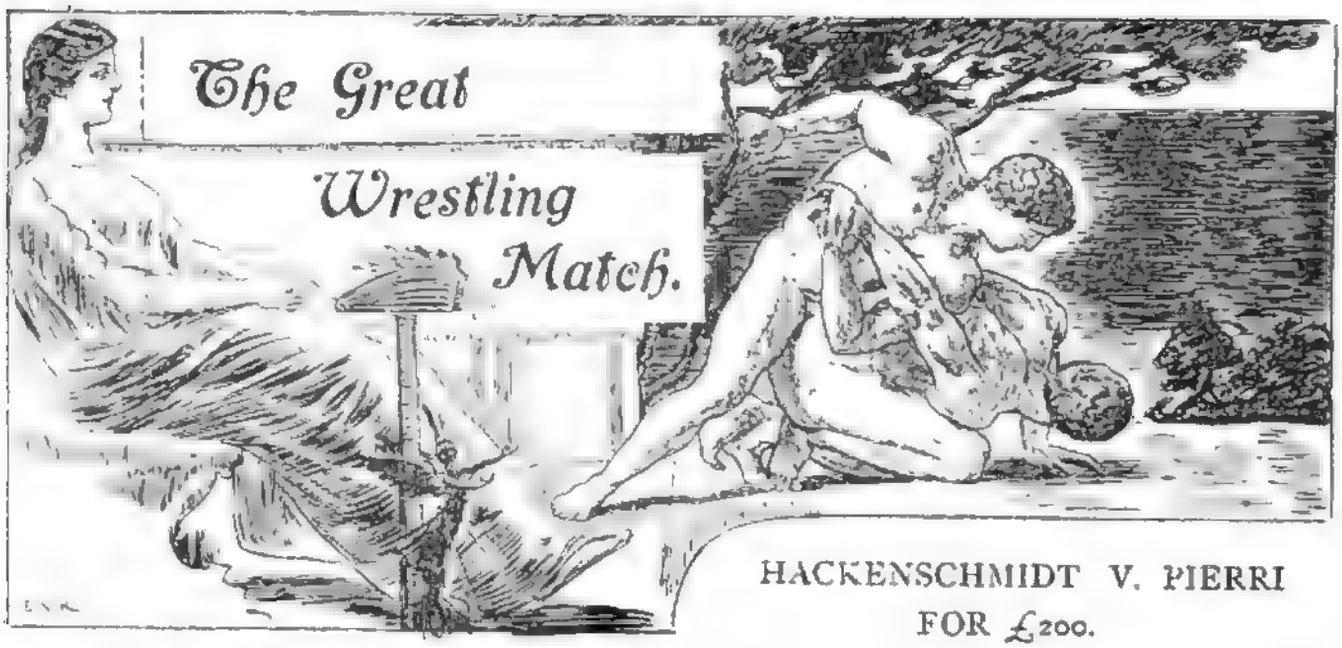
back at latitude 86°30′, however early in the week it might be reached.

On April 24th, taking observations, he was able, with an emotion which made speech difficult, to tell his men that they had succeeded beyond his expectation, and were pitching the tent at latitude 86°32′, the nearest to the Pole man had ever yet gone. With shouts of joy the Italian flag was hoisted, and past pains and privations were forgotten in the triumph of "having conquered the greatest Arctic explorer in the world." Farther away on the bright horizon, in a chain from east to west, was the great azure wall they might not attempt to scale; instead, with hearts gladdened by the thought that they had a message of success to take to their Prince, they turned their faces to the level expanse of ice, lit by the midnight sun, which stretched white and sparkling to the south.

Even the dogs seemed to know they were returning. They followed the tracks of the previous day with a speed which the men could scarcely maintain, and until nearly 30 miles were covered did not relax their efforts. Everything seemed to promise a return to the camp without serious difficulty. Yet soon such dreams were to be shattered. In Arctic travel, more than any other, everything depends upon the weather. Snow, fog, and wind began to hinder the homeward journey of the little Expedition, and to the dismay of the little party it was discovered that the icepack over which they were passing south was drifting steadily, carrying them westward with it, and even if they were able to reach the camp, it would seriously prolong their march.

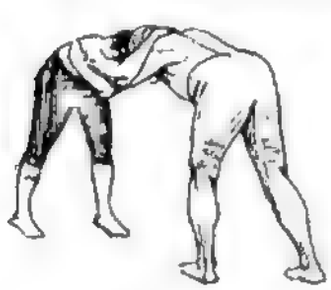
The effect of this calamity was to depress the men greatly, and their depression showed itself in a falling off of physical force. On the other hand, it but served to renew the energy and strength of their leader. While so much depended on him he must not fail, and long after the men were sleeping he would be "hard at work over notebook and calculations, making endless surmises about the future." Yet it was increasingly difficult to maintain hope and courage. The day which should have seen their return to Teplitz Bay found them 40 miles away, shut off by a very network of currents and channels, and with starvation staring them in the face. One of the men became almost blind with inflammation of the eyes, and Captain Cagni himself endured for many weeks the greatest pain in a finger rapidly mortifying, and upon which he had himself to perform, in clumsy fashion, a painful operation. To add to these and manifold misfortunes the outfit, with cooking utensils, began to give way utterly, causing a hundred little discomforts. "Yet if we fall, we will fall fighting," declared Captain Cagni, and they pushed on doggedly, the number of the dogs daily decreasing, as one after another had to be sacrificed to keep alive not only its fellows but the men also. Not till the third week in June, a month after they had expected to join their comrades, did they catch the first glimpse of Prince Rudolph Island, and find themselves within a few miles of their journey's end.

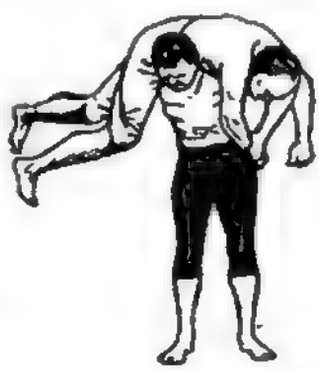
One of the guides was the first to see the hut and cried out to his companions. "We all hasten to look at it. Our hands tremble while we fix the flag to a bamboo," writes Cagni. "We wish to arrive with our flag flying, that our comrades may draw the conclusion that we are all in good health and do not come back defeated." In setting out he had solemnly assured the Prince that he would at all costs win glory for his native land, and right nobly had he and his men kept their word. The use of such Arctic Expeditions has often been discussed, but, in the words of the leader of this latest attempt to reach "Farthest north," there "can only be praise for the heroism which sends men to risk their lives in the cause of science, while the story of gallant effort and dauntless courage must ever have its healthful influence on those who read of such journeys."



HACKENSCHMIDT V. PIERRI
FOR £200.

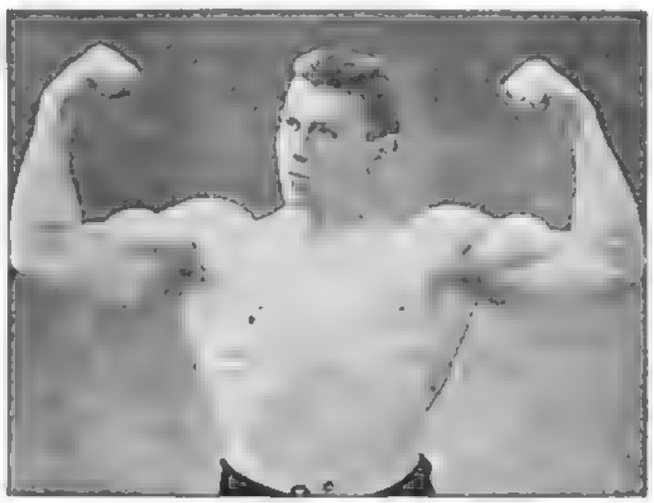
IF one may draw a conclusion from the interest displayed in the meeting of Georges Hackenschmidt (the Russian lion) and Antonio Pierri (the Terrible Greek) at the Oxford Music-hall recently, then we are to see a revival in wrestling in this country. The match in question was the only item on the afternoon's bill, but it was sufficient to attract a "house" exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the management. The place was packed from floor to ceiling, and almost as many more would-be spectators were even then left outside. With regard to the two men, Pierri may certainly be termed a veteran at the game, for he has turned forty-six years of age. He stands 5 ft, 9 in., and on the day of the match certainly appeared to be carrying far too much flesh, for he tipped the beam at 16 st. 7 lbs., but as events proved he had an amount of stamina and staying power which his appearance did not guarantee. It was quite a case of "May and December," for Hackenschmidt is but twenty-four years old, having been born at Turjew, on the shores of the Baltic, in 1879. He is an inch shorter than Pierri, and drew the scale at 14 st. 10 lbs. Ever since he came to this country two years ago the Greek has resented his intrusion, and whenever possible Pierri had "a go" (on paper) at the Russian. The latter ignored these thrusts for some time, but Pierri persisted in throwing down the gauntlet, with the ultimate result that, despite the great difference in ages, a match between the two became inevitable. Accordingly, the men met and signed articles to contest a match of one fall in the Græco-Roman style. An interval of three minutes was to be taken at the end of each ten minutes, and providing neither man gained a fall at the end of three hours the stakes of £50 aside were to be returned, the match drawn and the purse of £100 divided.





Though bulky and carrying far too much flesh, Pierri did not look by any means his twenty-two years the older man. The fat clogged his muscles somewhat—in fact, he looked quite 2 st. too heavy. Hackenschmidt, though pale in the face, was a mass of muscle throughout, wonderfully developed from head to foot. The young Russian looked in splendid trim, and, to the eye, almost the equal of his opponent in weight. From the first call of time to the end of the chapter the struggle for supremacy was of the most determined

character. With two such artists engaged, it goes without saying that every point of the Græco-Roman style was powerfully illustrated. Hackenschmidt was the more fancied, but Pierri battled along with such skill and resolution, showing grand defensive tactics and splendid generalship, that more than once it appeared just possible he might stay out the time. Hackenschmidt was invariably the aggressor, and, exerting himself to the utmost, he seldom gave the Greek breathing time. At the end of the second ten minutes the Russian was perspiring freely, but, though blowing a good deal, Pierri seemed fairly dry and capable of going on for some considerable time. The third tussle, however, proved to be the last. Bringing all his power to bear, Hackenschmidt swung the Greek about the mat. Pierri made a brave resistance, but he slowly but surely weakened under the desperate attack of his rival, and the Russian, getting a good hold, put his man over, and, pinning him to the floor, won the fall and the match at the end of 25 mins. 45 secs. actual wrestling. Mr. G. T. Dunning, of the "Sportsman," officiated as referee, and Mr. L. F. Doig, of the "Sportsman," discharged the duties of timekeeper.



GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT (THE RUSSIAN LION).

THE MATCH.

After a little feinting, Hackenschmidt got a hold on the neck and tried to force his man down. Pierri was soon free, however, but the Russian jumped in again, and the men struggled in desperate fashion, and finally reached the carpet, Hackenschmidt on top. Try as he would, however, he failed to pull the Greek over. Pierri, on hands and knees, was there apparently as firm as a rock, and then, resting his head on his hands with elbows on the ground, he successfully resisted the strenuous efforts of the other man to force him down. With a superhuman tug, Hackenschmidt pulled Pierri out of his defensive position. The veteran showed the agility of a youngster, and, spinning round, he was on his feet in an instant. Three minutes passed, and here Hackenschmidt put on the half-Nelson. Pierri was in danger, but only for a moment, and the house cheered wildly as he skilfully got out of his trouble. Still aggressive, Hackenschmidt got his huge opponent round the waist and fairly carried him to the middle of the ring. Pierri was slung to the ground and escaped the arm throw, and then, exerting himself to his greatest, he in turn gave his man a lift from the ground. Hackenschmidt had now to act on the defensive, but when time was called for the end of the first ten minutes he was making futile efforts to pull his man over.

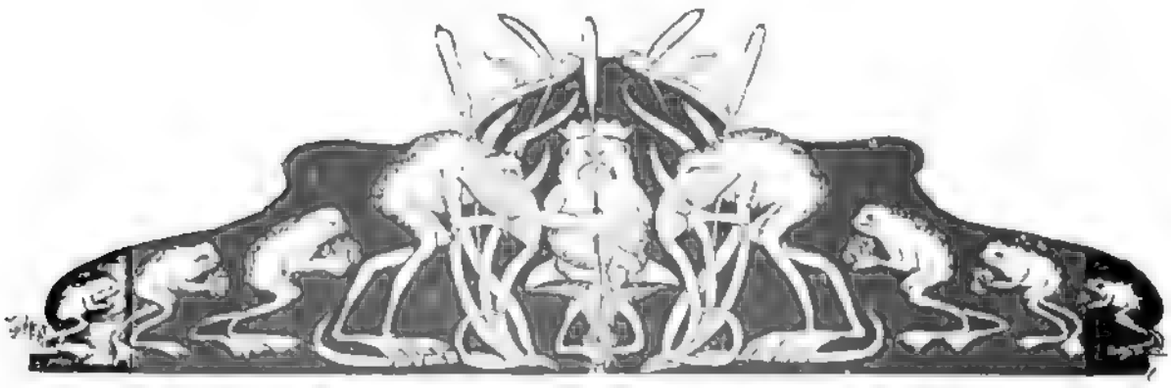
Coming together again, Pierri had Hackenschmidt on his stomach. Then the men rolled over and over with almost lightning rapidity, and at the end of sixty seconds' desperate struggling reached their feet. Hackenschmidt got a good hold, and Pierri had to act on the defensive. Firm as a rock, he held on to the floor and defied for a time all the efforts of the Russian to dislodge him. By way of a change, Hackenschmidt tried a lift from the ground. Then he got on the half-Nelson, but Pierri's defence was impregnable. Directly the Russian, who was now sweating profusely, let up, Pierri took the initiative. The pace was terrific, and once Hackenschmidt gave his man a tremendous heave in the shape of the half-Nelson. In the last minute, however, Pierri recovered, and in turn Hackenschmidt was underneath, though just as the time expired he pulled Pierri to his knees again.

The third bout was opened in desperate fashion. Pierri appeared just a shade tired, and Hackenschmidt, evidently in dead

earnest, gave his man not a moment's rest. Very narrowly Pierri escaped the half-Nelson, while later he cleverly got out of a neck hold. He flagged, however, and Hackenschmidt, redoubling his efforts, slowly wore the veteran down. Getting a firm hold, Hackenschmidt made to turn the Greek over. Pierri resisted with all his might, but inch by inch he succumbed. With his left arm pressing firmly on the neck and clutching his man's right, Hackenschmidt got the right under the chest and gave his opponent a clean roll over. In this way he pinned Antonio to the floor, and won a splendid contested match.

ANTONIO PIERRI (THE TERRIBLE GREEK).

Pierri was naturally dissatisfied with the result, and at once gave out that he would like another match. He claimed that he was suffering from a sprained sinew of the right arm, sustained whilst practising two days before the match, and which caused the wrist to give way in the first ten minutes. He has issued a challenge to wrestle Hackenschmidt again, the match to be the best of three falls for £200 aside. After his defeat Pierri left by night mail boat for the Continent, his destination being Shoumleh, on the Turkish and Bulgarian frontier, whither he has gone in search of Ali Nourlah Hassan, the giant Turkish wrestler. Pierri, in conversation, stated that he was far from satisfied with the result of the match, and believes that with a man like Hassan as adviser he can beat the Russian lion. Provided he is successful in unearthing the Turk, he expects to be back in England inside four weeks' time; that is, if he has no trouble in Bulgaria, Shoumleh being situated in the centre of the revolutionary district.



The Knock-out Blow.

By ONE WHO HAS EXPERIENCED IT.

FROM time to time the knock-out blow, and the practicability or desirability of eliminating its use at boxing competitions between amateurs, becomes the subject of more or less animated discussion amongst various gentlemen interested in the art of boxing, some of whom, it may be remarked, have a better acquaintance with the knock-out blow and its effects in theory than in practice. In this particular instance, in order to disarm any criticism of my ability to touch on the subject, I may as well state that my practical acquaintance with boxing extends over several years, and that I have had more than one introduction to the blow in question.

To a great many people the knock-out blow is synonymous with a blow on the jaw, delivered with exceptional force, which assumption leads to the conclusion that to admit the use of the blow is to encourage hard hitting pure and simple. Now such an assumption is incorrect. I will not say that the blow which does put a man to sleep is not frequently a heavy one, but that extreme force is necessary to knock a boxer out is not the case. Providing it alight on the particular spot, the "point," a comparatively light blow will have the effect of producing temporary unconsciousness. But the assumption has lead many men to accuse those who are desirous of eliminating, as far as is possible, the knock-out blow, of wishing to emasculate the game to such an extent that it should become nothing better than a drawing room entertainment, and no true test, as boxing undoubtedly is, of a man's courage and resolution. This is scarcely fair. It is not right to assert that a man is trying to do away with the exhibition of the manliest qualities and to degrade boxing, to stamp him, in short, as effeminate, simply because he suggests an alteration which would be the means of raising the scientific boxer above the level of the man who is content to take a deal of punishment on the chance of getting in one effective blow.

Yet such has been said, and there is, perhaps, no other question in matters athletic on which men, equally qualified by intelligence and experience to speak, are so greatly at variance. When the upholders of the suggested reform point out to their opponents the inconsistency of awarding the victory to a boxer, who, for perhaps the first two and half the third round, has proved himself decidedly inferior in every department of the game, and yet, by virtue of his capability of taking punishment, is still on his feet, and perhaps in the last half minute manages to land one of the scores of swinging blows he has made on the desired spot, and puts his opponent to sleep; then it is retorted that to award the prize to the unconscious boxer would be the height of the ridiculous. And so it seems, but on the other hand, if a competition be to decide which man is the best boxer, the object is frustrated, for the best man may easily fall a victim to a blow which has gone home more by luck than judgment. That such occurs time after time is a well-known fact, of which no follower of boxing needs any reminding; twice was it proved conclusively at the Amateur Championship meetings held at St. James's Hall, when one

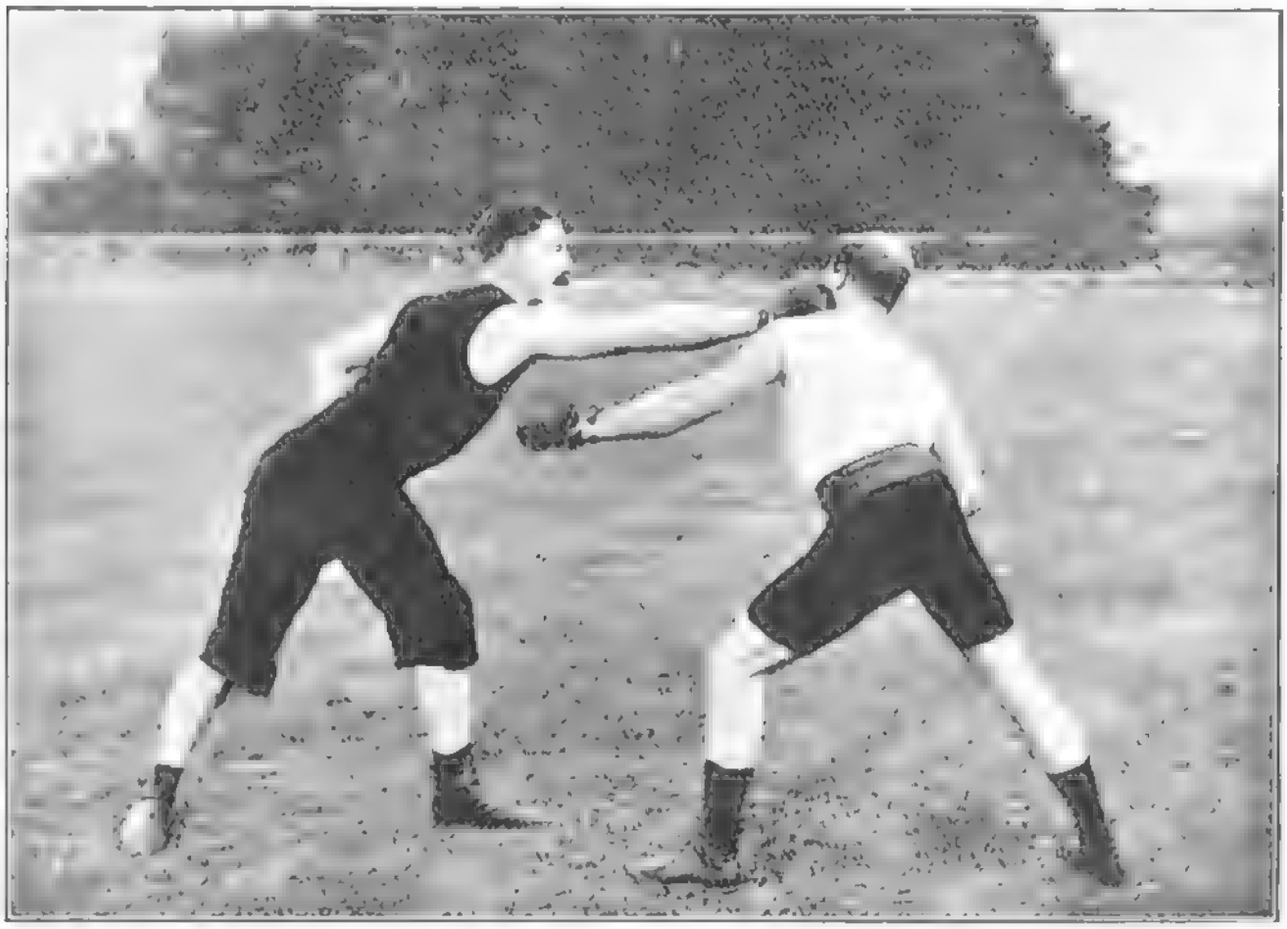
of the most scientific light-weight boxers of the day went down to an opponent who managed to bring off the knock-out within a few seconds of the call of time, and won the cup, although as a boxer he was hopelessly outclassed. Those who are averse to any change will say that had the beaten man possessed the necessary skill to avoid the knock-out blow he would have won the cup he so well deserved, but as he was evidently deficient in the knowledge, then it was quite right the indifferent boxer should win. This argument—and such authorities as Mr. George Vize, the President of the A.B.A., and Mr. A. F. Bettinson, will support it—makes the delivery and avoidance of the deadly blow a matter of skill, of science; but it may be pertinently asked, is the knock-out blow usually given with scientific accuracy? As one who has witnessed more encounters that he could reckon, I will assert that such is not the case, the knock-out blow being the result of numerous wild swings with the right glove at the head, one of which it may be hoped will reach the desired spot.

THE ARMY CHAMPIONSHIP AT ALDERSHOT.

Boxing is not a kid glove business, and nobody wishes to make it so; hard hitting is the last thing which the reformers wish to

do away with, and Mr. Vize's reply to a letter from Mr. Frost Smith, the first amateur heavy-weight champion under the rules of the A.B.A., strayed from the question. Mr. Smith deplored the increasing use of the knock-out blow, which tended to reduce the scientific use of the gloves to a minimum, and Mr. Vize retorted that he was sorry to see so hard a hitter as Mr. Smith had been raise any objections to hard hitting. Of this Mr. Smith had said nothing, and in reply to other remarks admitted that it was quite possible for a boxer to be made unconscious by blows other than that known as the knock-out, but asserted that it never occurred thus, but was invariably caused by the other blow. A really hard upper cut, a severe blow on the temple or behind the ear, will put a man out; but how often is the end accomplished thus? I have seen scores of men put to sleep in the ring, and all have succumbed to the same blow, the "p'int o' the jaw" hit.

Here I may digress for a few paragraphs to discuss the situation of the blow and its effects. A number of persons talk glibly enough about the knock-out blow without knowing precisely where it is applied to be effective. I recollect assisting at a committee meeting some years ago when the blow was under discussion, and not more than four men of the dozen assembled were agreed upon the exact locality of the sensitive spot. One declared it to be at the bottom of the chin, another midway between the chin and the ear, and a third at the angle of the jaw-bone. As a matter of fact the exact spot lies at the bottom of a perpendicular line drawn downwards from the corner of the mouth. At this particular spot it is suggested that a number of important nerves meet,



CAPTAIN JOHNSTONE BOXING WITH TOM BURROWS.

nerves which travel through the socket of the jaw to the bony envelope of the brain, and which, when struck cause a temporary paralysis and unconsciousness, through the jarring of the brain, in much the same manner that a sudden, sharp blow over the nerves joining at the juncture of the two bones at the elbow joint cause a kind of paralysis of the limb. Such is the theory generally accepted by boxing men, although when Sam Baxter discovered the demoralising effect of a blow so delivered on an opponent's jaw, he probably had but a scant knowledge of the physiological effect produced.

Quite recently, however, a writer in the "British Medical Journal," Mr. J. G. Duncanson, comes forward with a new theory which, supposing it to be correct, destroys the idea that the blow must be dealt on a particular part of the jaw. The theory is hardly convincing. Mr. Duncanson informs us that in the ear is a set of canals filled with fluid and lined with a delicate arrangement of nerves which, acted upon by the motion of the fluid, play an important part in the preservation of the balance of the body. Now, a blow dealt at the jaw, near to the chin, and in a somewhat slanting direction, causes the head to move suddenly and violently to one side, the muscles of the neck which regulate the turning of the head being comparatively weak. The movement of the head is of the nature of a rotatory one, and this sudden movement is communicated to the fluid contained in the canals behind the ear, the effect of which is that loss of balance of the body is caused with accompanying unconsciousness.

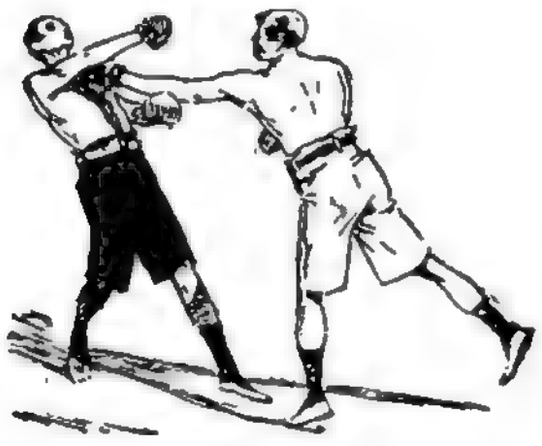
Mr. Duncanson's theory is largely based upon the well-known effect produced by a long continued rotatory movement of the person. Constant or continuous spinning round, as in waltzing or riding on a "round about," will produce giddiness, with inability to preserve the balance, and in an aggravated degree will cause temporary blindness, deafness and loss of memory. In the case of an ordinary shock or concussion to the brain, such as is supposed to be caused when a boxer is knocked out, there are certain accompanying features, such as contraction or dilation of the pupils, cold of the extremities, cold perspiration covering the skin, and ashy paleness of the face. Now these signs are certainly wanting in the man who is knocked-out; he is unconscious and his memory is affected, he cannot stand or see, but his recovery as a rule is quick, the action of his heart is no greater than would be expected from his previous exertion, and the pulse and respiration normal. Men on recovery rarely complain of severe headache, their hands and feet do not become cold, and the state into which the knock out blow throws them passes off without leaving any ill effects when allowed to rest quietly on the back, as in the case of any person who undergoes a violent rotatory movement. In those cases where serious physical effects are observed to exist after a knock out, these effects are usually the result of the concussion caused by the victim's head striking the floor and not due to the blow itself.

The inception of the knock-out blow is due to Sam Baxter, the light-weight professional pugilist, who probably came across it quite by accident. It was noticed that several of his opponents had been defeated in a somewhat mysterious manner, apparently succumbing to what appeared to be nothing more than a blow on the jaw. After some time a meeting was arranged to try and find out how the trick was done. Baxter himself described the blow as a straight arm blow, delivered with a slight downward tendency. This, be it observed, is entirely different from the knock-out blow as now shown. With modern boxers it is nothing more than a wild, round arm swing, the objective being the vulnerable spot on the side of the jaw.

Several suggestions have been made to do

away with the use of the blow, amongst others the disqualification of any boxer who intentionally knocks out his opponent therewith. This suggestion has been actually carried into effect at the members' competitions held by the Birmingham B.C., but its general acceptance meets with little favour, it being argued that it is almost impossible for the judges to give a perfectly fair and correct opinion regarding the delivery of the blow. Again, the suggestion that a boxer be disqualified if he knock out his opponent, would operate unfairly against a man who accidentally put out an adversary thus, or by a perfectly fair and legitimate blow on the head, stomach, or over the heart. And to both of these one can raise the query,—of what use would the decision be to a knocked-out man if his injury prevented him from further participation in a competition?

There is little can be said in favour of the knock-out blow, except that as a means of offence, it is decidedly useful in circumstances wherein one's knowledge of boxing is put to a very practical test, and an assailant has to be disposed of as quickly and effectively as possible, while there can be no doubt that its unchecked use, or abuse rather, has brought about a style of boxing by no means pleasant or desirable. At the same time it must be admitted that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to render it inoperative, and yet give no one man an advantage over his fellow competitors. That its exclusion would tend to effeminise boxing is an argument that will not hold water, for before its introduction the boxers were no less plucky or hard-hitting than they are to day, while in the pure sense of the word, as boxers, they were undoubtedly superior.



Something about Amateur Divers.

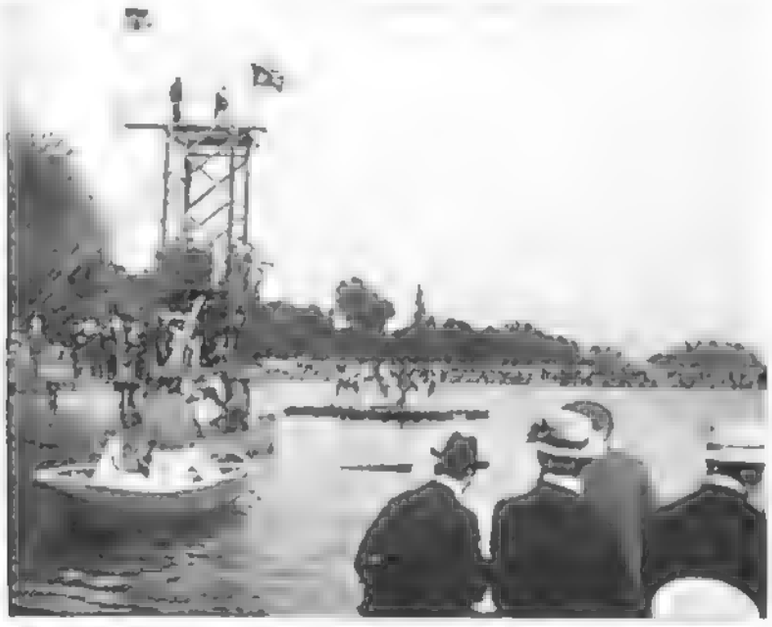
By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

UNTIL eight years ago it is safe to say we had few decent divers in this country, and certainly not any great expert. We had had bridge jumpers, divers into small tanks and other madmen of that sort, but only a few persons who had studied diving as an art. In fact that branch of sport was neglected, until in the year 1895 the Life Saving Society instituted a national competition, which was won in that season by H. S. Martin, of the St. James's Club, London, and who is now one of the honorary secretaries of the Alexandria Swimming Club, Egypt. His style of diving was what is known as the straight dive, and though graceful there was none of the skilled gymnastic diving now so common with us. That was introduced to our notice by a team of Swedish amateurs who made a special journey to England to give a display at the West India Docks in the Diamond Jubilee year at a gala held under the auspices of the Life Saving Society. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York were then present, and so greatly pleased were they that many of the feats were repeated at their special request. Thousands of swimmers watched the exhibition, and from that date it may be safely asserted interest commenced to be taken in diving in this country. It was largely due to this display that the Amateur Diving Association was formed in 1901, for after the return of their fellow countrymen to Sweden Messrs. Hagborg and Mauritzi continued to give free exhibitions of their remarkable skill at many of the galas held by the Life Saving Society, and as a natural consequence young English swimmers begun to copy their methods, more especially members of the Neptune and St. James's Clubs, the former always sending out a graceful team. The movement grew and Messrs. Balck, Webb, Featherstonehaugh and others called a meeting to form a club for the purpose of fostering diving and teaching the young. Said club was formed, but some months later it was decided to turn it into an association, so that swimming clubs could affiliate and the sphere of interest be thereby enlarged. Thus came into existence the Amateur Diving Association, which now has an individual active membership of about a hundred divers and has nearly forty clubs affiliated to it, including many ladies' clubs, besides several lady members.

The great object of this amalgamation is to promote artistic and gymnastic diving, but it also represents the needs of divers as to diving boards, depth of water, etc., to Borough and District Councils or other bodies having charge of bathing waters and baths in their country. It is largely due to its efforts and representations that the

H. JOHANNSEN, AMATEUR CHAMPION DIVER OF ENGLAND AND SWEDEN.

London County Council was induced to erect a fine diving platform at Highgate Ponds for the use of the community. It is the best diving platform in this country, and is now always used by the Life Saving Society for its graceful diving championship, and by the Amateur Diving Association for its annual competitions. Indeed, it may be said to be the Association board, for go there whenever you will during bathing time during the summer months and you will find forty or fifty members practising, and it is pleasant to watch their skill and to note the great improvement that has come to English diving since the Association was instituted. That improvement has been brought about by the skilled members who joined the Association in the early part of its existence or helped to form it. Experts like Messrs. Mauritzi and Hagborg willingly coached the members and they in turn coached the members of affiliated clubs, sent teams to give displays at their galas and offered medals for competition. By this method of working the Association has grown into a strong body, so strong indeed that it even now is considering the advisability of dividing itself into district Associations, each with self-governing powers as to detail, but subservient to the general rules. It is also endeavouring to attract ladies' clubs to its ranks, for of late there has been a very marked increase in the number of lady divers, and with the numerous school competitions that now prevail and the general excellence displayed they are likely to still further increase. The lady diver, though perhaps not so skilled as the man, is certainly more graceful, and with encouragement may be induced to practise those beautiful swan and other dives in which the Swedish ladies and gentlemen are so expert. To my mind their skill comes largely from gymnastic training, which is either utterly neglected in this country or else undertaken in such a spasmodic manner as to be really of very little use in the long run. This is a matter which the Amateur Diving Association might well take up, and if need be establish a gymnasium at their winter headquarters, the Holborn Baths, for the use and training of their younger members. You find the skilled Swedes who can beat our men at diving are all practised gymnasts, and have been so from early youth, whereas only a few of ours have ever had any real physical training.



THE STAGE ERECTED BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL FOR DIVERS AT HIGHGATE.

Though the Amateur Diving Association is only in its infancy it has already done good work, and this question of physical training in conjunction with diving will doubtless come to the front before long, for there are many members who are at one with me in the opinion that its training should be

thorough and systematic from start to finish. I hope it will forgive me in saying that it has worried itself too much about the judging of competitions instead of the teaching of its members. In its own book I read that judges who stand in a group are open to serious objection, as an otherwise capable and honourable man can scarcely help being influenced by his companion judges to the detriment of his own independent opinion of the merits of the candidates. All I can say is do not appoint judges of that kind. The idea of stationing them apart is absurd, if the placing apart is done with the idea of preventing collusion, and the suggestion that a man may want to work in a candidate is insulting to those you may appoint as judges. Moreover, in many instances, especially in crowded baths, it is impossible to get a good line of sight unless you stand close together. There is yet another and more fatal objection to this system, and that is, by placing them apart each judge gets a view of the diver at a different angle. In order that he may accurately judge he needs to be in a position to watch the dive exactly the same as his colleagues, otherwise his judgment may be warped and his allowance of marks altogether wrong.

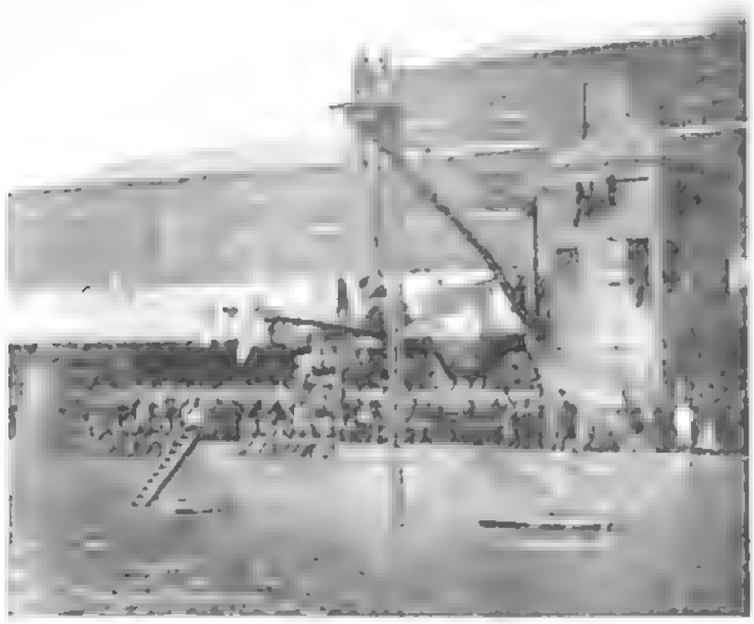
JOHANNSEN GIVING A DISPLAY AT STOCKHOLM.

It is laid down by the Association that a "Standard" plain dive is one which is made from the start immediately and squarely, not slantwise. It should be powerful, with an upward and outward spring, the body, limbs and feet forming themselves into a graceful unbroken line. A break or angular bending at the hips is a serious fault. Before entering the water the hands must be extended above the head, spread laterally, with the forefingers touching; the legs in their whole length must be kept straight together, and on no account must they "throw over," nor must the vertical position be exceeded. As little splash must be made as possible, as that will count against you, and the surface must be reached quickly. The Association strongly condemns the placing of the palms of the hands together when diving, as that carries the diver dangerously deep and prevents him from rising to the surface quickly. It should also be pointed out that such diving in rivers is liable to carry one among weeds and likely to lead to very serious consequences.

As the Association point out, the secret of graceful diving is the ability to retain complete control over every limb and muscle in the body, and those who attend their winter meetings at the Holborn Baths will be filled with admiration when they see the perfection the men have attained in this respect.

This year the National Graceful Diving

Championship was won by Tellender, a Swedish amateur, but the Association executive had the pleasure of seeing their men gain second, third, fourth and seventh places, while at the Bath Club in July, when their Majesties the King and Queen witnessed the first race for the King's International Swimming Cup, four of the five men who gave a magnificent diving display before their Majesties were also members. One of the best known is H. Johannsen, the Swedish amateur champion, who has now been resident in this country for some time, and who has given numerous exhibitions all over England. He is about the best diver in England at the present time and is so keenly interested in the art that he is constantly giving free lessons to school children. He has also presented a cup to the Amateur Club for Diving, with the result that the members of that old institution have gone in strongly for the pastime and have improved themselves considerably. In one of the illustrations he is depicted making a dive in clothes into a Stockholm Bath, this being one of his favourite feats. After that he had to undress under water and give an exhibition from the diving tower, which is the feature of all Swedish baths. Other members are Mr. Mauritzi, the physical education master at Owen's College, Islington, and Mr. Hagborg, a well-known Swedish artist, while mention must not be forgotten of Mr. L. Balck, the hon. secretary, who by his energy and enthusiasm has in the space of a few years built up a strong body, and one well worthy to take its place among the useful physical training institutions that the world of swimming has brought forth during the last fifteen years, the best of these being the Life Saving Society and the London Water Polo League.



DIVING AT THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.

West End Notes.

THE universal concern expressed for Sir John Blundell Maple's state of health is shared to the full by all those West End sportsmen who, either in the past or the present, have experienced his sympathetic support, both moral and material, in every branch of athletics. We feel sure, therefore, we reflect, if inadequately, none the less sincerely, the most earnest hope of all, that he may long be spared to exert his influence—beneficent and bountiful—on the playing-fields of England.

To turn to the brighter side, unqualified pleasure will be felt by all at the most welcome news that Mr. Leycester Barwell makes steady progress on the road to health, and though it may be long ere he can again throw himself with his old enthusiasm into the world of West End sport, one and all are convinced of his active interest, and even his most ardent admirer would hardly wish that he should again lend his presence as of yore, if such devotion should entail the slightest peril to the continuance of improvement in his condition.

With the death of cricket and rowing for the season and football hardly launched, the month presents little of interest in West End circles, with the exception of Clarence's triumphant progress in the swimming world. The success of this club over Nautilus in the London Junior Water Polo Cup qualifies them for the final, a record for a House club. Nautilus succumbed to Clarence after a couple of ties to the tune of three to nil, a sufficiently substantial licking after such obstinate resistance. Old swimming enthusiasts will recall the days when in the semi-final of the same cup, Magpie, after repeated contests, had to yield the palm to Nautilus for final honours.

T. WINNEY (OLYMPIC).
Late Hon. Sec. W.E.A.F.C.

While on swimming topics we would record the results of the Annual West End and City Team Race and Polo Match, held at the Clarence Entertainment. For the Team Race the competing bodies were represented respectively as follows:—

CITY.

	CLUB.
D. L. Palmer,	*Holborn Circus.*
H. G. Thomas,	*G. P. O.*
G. Simmons,	*Spottiswoode Inst.*
A. C. Wynne,	*Connaught.*
F. Lester,	*City Police.*
M. Mann,	*Ravensbourne.*
A. G. Harvey,	*Ravensbourne.*
G. Innocent	*City Police.*

WEST END.

	CLUB.
G. Littler	*Grove House.*
T. Ewart	*Grove House.*
J. F. Skinner	*Magpie.*
W. Armstrong.....	*Tottenham House.*
M. H. Phillips.....	*Clarence.*
N. Regan	*Quadrant.*
C. McGowan	*Harrodian.*
A. C. Emsworth	*Clarence.*

and was provocative of the greatest excitement, the interest reaching its climax when

Emsworth and Innocent entered the water for the last bout, the Clarence man for West End winning easily by eight yards.

The Polo Match can best be described as a walk-over for the West, City being completely outclassed. The players were as follows:—

WEST END.

G. Randall, *Goal.*
G. Littler, *Right Back.*
M. H. Phillips, *Left Back.*
E. C. Ashman, *Half Back.*
D. V. B. Hatchwell
A. C. Emsworth *(Capt.)*, } *Forwards.*
J. F. Skinner,
Reserve—P. Grant.

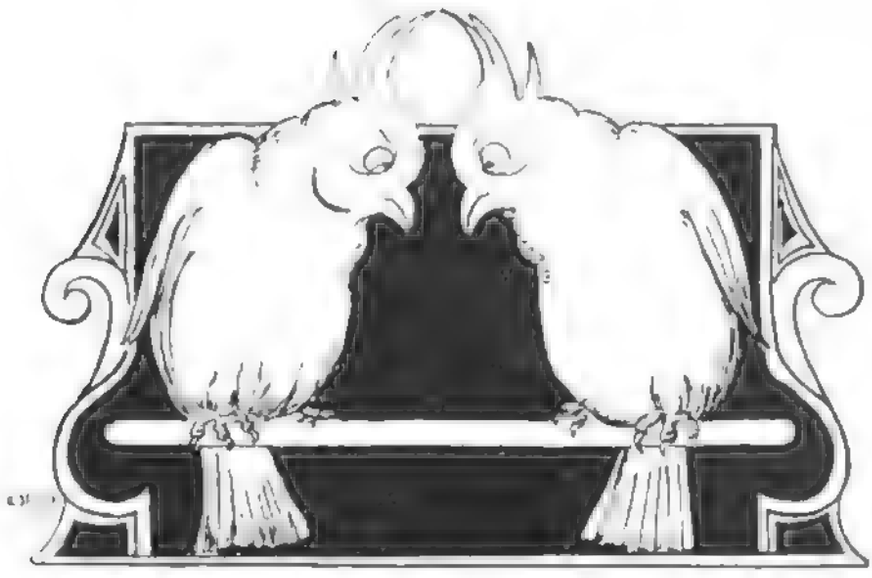
CITY.

H. Duke *(Capt.)*, *Goal.*
H. Barber, *Right Back.*
D. L. Palmer, *Left Back.*
W. Hitch, *Half Back.*
M. Mann,
A. G. Harvey, } *Forwards.*
H. G. Thomas,

It is not the first time that the W.E.A.R.A. have been subjected to strictures at the hands of the press, and the recent remarks of the *Sportsman* as to the action of the stewards in starting the final for the Autumn Eights in what they declared to be the dark, will doubtless do little harm, and perhaps serve a useful purpose. The foul in the final may, or may not, have been due to the state of the light, but had there been any doubt in the matter it should have been the duty of the stewards to place it beyond question and postpone the race. An excess of caution on these occasions is preferable, wiser and fairer to all.

The winning crew is appended:—

W. H. Weaver, Mal. (Bow); J. R. Nicholls, K.; E. G. Norton Freeman, C.; L. H. Pursey, D.; F. W. Crossley, A.; J. A. Henry, Cav.; T. Young, M.; G. W. Church, K. (Stroke); W. J. Lynch, O. (Cox.)



Athletics in the City.

By A. P. PARKER.

THE City of London Football Championship has undergone many changes and is now run entirely on the League system. Not only in the form of competition has there been alteration but a much needed one in management.

Subject to the veto of the Council of the Association the football championships are managed by a committee consisting of one representative nominated by each club competing in both competitions, together with the ex-officio officers who meet monthly during the season.

The council at the April meeting decide as to the competing clubs in the Senior and Junior Championships for the following season, after which the clubs arrange home and home matches.

A win counts two, and a draw one point, the club that scores the largest number of points wins the competition.

CITY ALBION F.C. TEAM.

W. O. Golfrey (Hon. Sec.), J. F. Smith, H. Abraham, G. P. Savage, A. J. A. White, A. F. Watt, F. B. Mabbott, P. Westcombe.
S. Clough, H. F. Hedges (Capt.), C. D. Cornthwaite.
F. S. Shutt'e, C. F. Gottschalk, P. W. Cook.

Anlaby, City Albion, Forest, Gresham, Minerva, Olympic, and Ravensbourne have entered the Senior, and Aldersgate, Aptus, Connaught, Condor, Corona, Crownfield, Heron, Lydford, Oakshott, and Vasledge, the Junior.

The season is yet young, but so far the

alterations have proved most successful, although in the case of the holders, Olympic, they have proved a great upset in their programme, so much so that it has been found necessary to depute the second eleven to uphold the honour of the club so far as the City competition goes, a task it is feared they will find beyond them. The name of Olympic has appeared on the Shield each year since 1898, a monotonous run that can scarcely be considered beneficial to the Association, so that the defection will be hailed with joy in some quarters.

It should, however, be understood that Olympic do not disparage the City competition, but finding it impossible to play the number of matches required together with various others in their list of fixtures, a sacrifice has had to be made. The club enters for the English F.A. Cup, the Amateur, London, Middlesex and West End Cups. In addition to this several most enjoyable country matches are played. At one time it was thought they should let the West End Cup go, but the number of matches required for this competition is so much less than the City, that it gained favour.

Gresham have this season joined Senior ranks, and would seem to possess an excellent chance of becoming City champions. The Junior Championship is a more open event and contains ten entrants against seven in the Senior.

The Ravensbourne S.C. Gala was held at Westminster Baths on Saturday, October 3rd. The building was packed in less than a quarter of an hour from the opening of the doors. As usual a very fine programme of swimming had been arranged. The proceeds were handed over to Mr. George Pragnell for disposal, and he has resolved to spend the money in erecting a miniature rifle range on the club ground at Lee. The arrangements were perfect, the entertainment going off without a hitch or delay from start to finish.

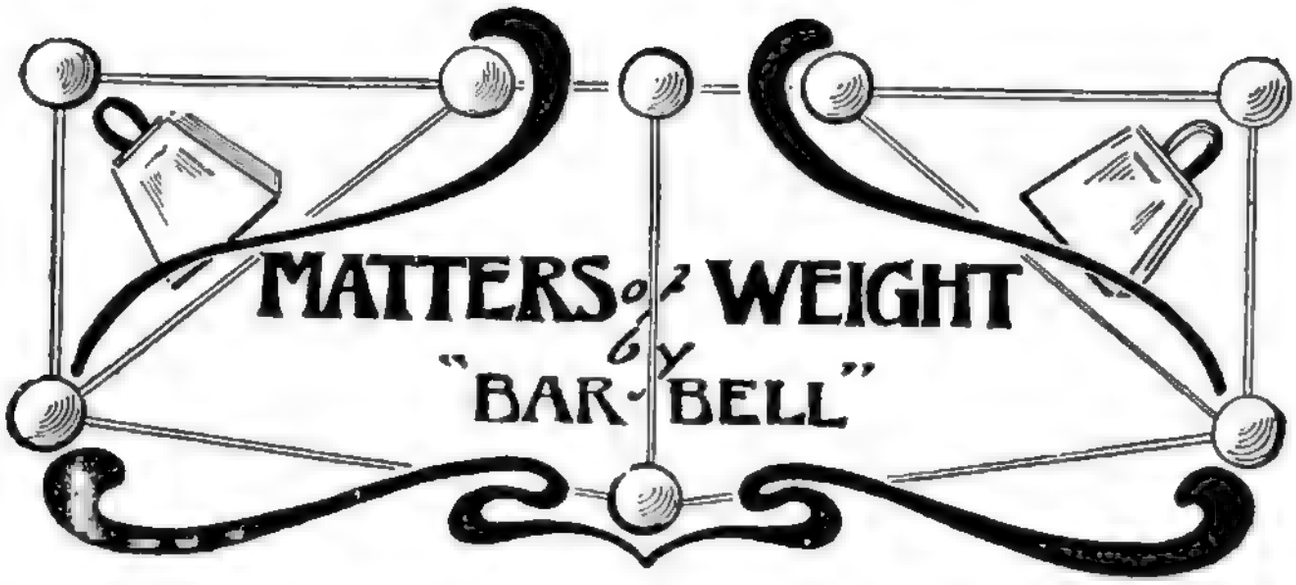
Anlaby S.C. held their thirteenth annual entertainment on Thursday, September 24th, at Shoreditch Baths, and attracted a crowd of fully 2,000. The affair was a great success, and some good swimming was seen.

At Southwark Baths on Monday, September 21st, on the occasion of the City of London Association Gala, the City police defeated Ravensbourne by six goals to one, and thus retained the Water Polo Championship, while Anlaby defeated Connaught by two goals to nil and won the Junior.

The hon. secretary of the City of London Swimming and Life Saving Association, Mr. H. Duke, has shown that the teaching has not been thrown away, for at Shanklin in September he was of the greatest assistance to two bathers. Owing to the effect of the storm on the sea there was unusual strength in the ebb tide, with the result that a lady bather, who ventured too far in a westerly direction, found herself unable to get back, and was being carried away seaward. She called out for help, and in her struggle went down, her husband in the meanwhile swimming to her. He succeeded in getting a hold only to find that they were both being carried off. Happily Mr. Duke, who is a powerful swimmer, happened to be bathing about sixty yards away. Hearing the cry for help he immediately swam over and assisted the lady until a Mr. Blew, who was hurrying to the scene in a boat, arrived and helped in bringing the bathers to shore. Mr. Duke did not wait to receive the thanks of the lady and gentleman, or even enquire their names, but went back to his children and finished giving them their swimming lesson.

The accompanying photograph is of Mr. A. G. Keel, the captain of City Albion Swimming Club. He is a fine swimmer and water-polo player, and has represented his county, Kent. He also plays for Lewisham S.C., and recently was in that club's team which won the Kent County Senior Water Polo Championship.

MR. A. G. KEEL (City Albion S.C.)



ALTHOUGH many of the metropolitan weight-lifting clubs have now commenced work for the winter season, it is yet too early to have much to chronicle concerning them. That there are several promising members I have had personal proof; also it is good to see the care and conscientiousness with which the more experienced men conduct the tuition of the novices at the game. A man does not fall into the knack of handling heavy weights any more than he becomes a skilful wrestler or scientific boxer by accident, and it is to the carefulness of the supervision given to the aspiring weight-lifters during their novitiate that their future success is largely due. If these will bear in mind that it is not pure strength alone which does the work, but that each and every movement should be the outcome of a properly thought-out system, there would be fewer men turn up the game in disgust. I call to mind a very strongly built and muscular friend of mine, a fellow member of the gymnasium I attended, who was given to the lifting of all the heavy weights he could lay his hands upon, yet in spite of his strength he never got within miles, as the saying is, of another man three stone less in weight, but who had had the advantage of a proper training in the art. One day a Sandow instructor and weight-lifter paid a visit to the gymnasium, and my muscular friend spent half an hour in his company, listening to his advice and following his directions for the lifting. Before the Sandow instructor left my friend was able to put up a 112-lb. dumb-bell above his head with one hand, with far less exertion of strength and much greater ease and grace than he had showed in elevating a 56-lb. weight.

The Weight-lifting Championship Tournament in Paris, to which I referred in the previous number of the Magazine, is going ahead gaily; but although it will be concluded before these notes appear in print it will be impossible for me to give you more than very brief details concerning the first stages of the competition.

The competition has commenced with the contests limited to amateurs, and in looking through the list of entries it is somewhat disappointing to find that the only countries represented are France (thirty-one), Germany (one), Switzerland (two), Belgium (five), Egypt (one), Holland (one), and Italy (two). Not a single Briton is taking part, although when one considers the length of the journey, the duration of the contests, and the wide difference existing between the French and the English styles of weight-lifting, this fact is, perhaps, not so very surprising.

A glance at the following list of the various lifts comprised in the competition will give one some idea of what is required of amateur weight-lifters on the Continent; some of these would doubtless present difficulty to many good English lifters who, by reason of the conditions of our championship lifts,

are accustomed to work in a more narrow groove:—

1. The holding of a ring weight at arm's length at right angles with the body, on the hand, or by the ring.
2. One-handed swing with dumb-bell.
3. One-handed snatch, dumb-bell or bar-bell.
4. Two-handed push with bar-bell.
5. Two-handed snatch with bar-bell.
6. Two-handed jerk with bar-bell.
7. One-handed jerk with bar-bell or dumb-bell.
8. One-handed push with dumb-bell.

The scoring is not as in English competitions, wherein the total poundage raised determines the victor; but so many points are allowed each competitor for the different lifts, the highest number of points scored giving the owner thereof the championship.

Some little explanation of the lifts is required before the English weight-lifter will be able to distinguish wherein lies the difference between a swing, snatch, push, and jerk. "La volée d'une main," or the one-hand swing, means that the weight shall be brought up from the floor with one clean movement; the legs may be bent and the feet shifted. "L'Arraché," or the snatch, means that the bar-bell is to be raised from the ground with the extended arm, which must be bent as the weight passes along the front of the body, and without any cessation of the movement it is thrown above the head; the body may not be moved (in Germany a lifter is permitted to bend his head and shoulders backward, and also to bend his knees, thus allowing a heavier weight to be raised), but kept perfectly rigid, nor may the knees be bent.

"Le developpé," or the push, is accomplished in the following manner: the bar-bell is brought with one movement up to the height of the shoulders, and held there two seconds; and is then slowly pushed to arms length above the head. If the bar-bell touch the stomach or breast in its passage the lift does not count; the feet must not be moved, or be more than forty centimetres apart, and must be in a straight line; the legs may not be bent.

"Le jeté," or the jerk, differs from the above in so far that the knees may be bent, the body dropped below the weight, and the feet moved, if necessary, agreeing in every particular with the single or double-handed jerk familiar to all English weight-lifters.

To give one an insight into the powers of the amateur entrants for the contest at the Moulin Rouge, one may quote the table of minimum weights which the judges have agreed upon; any competitor unable to master these minima may not compete. This arrangement does away with any wasting of time which may result if one or more be greatly inferior in any of the lifts to his fellow competitors: a most useful arrangement, considering the large number of competitors.

One-handed	snatch	130 lbs.
,, ,,	jerk	140 ,,
,, ,,	push	80 ,,
Two-handed	push	180 ,,
,, ,,	snatch	160 ,,
,, ,,	jerk	220 ,,

Holding weight with arm at right angles to body:

In the hand	50 lbs.
By the ring	40 ,,

From this table it will be seen that none of our English light-weight lifters would have had the ghost of a chance; and as the bent press is practically unknown abroad, a form of lift with which we are exceptionally clever, it is perhaps well that no English names do figure in the list of competitors.

One of the chief disappointments of the meeting has been the failure of M. Maspoli—familiar to many London men—to compete. It would, perhaps, be more fair to say inability, for it was only an accident, a somewhat serious one too, which kept Maspoli off the stage. A laceration of the muscles of the thigh sustained while making the attempt to raise 135 kilogrammes in each hand, has kept Maspoli from competing in an event for which he had been in hard training for some time past. Gustave Empain, the amateur champion of Belgium, has, so far, shown exceedingly fine form, having 70 pounds to his credit in exercise No. 1, in which he was equalled by three other competitors, including the redoubtable

German youth, Schneiderheit; and tieing with Galvin in Exercise No. 2, each having swung a dumb-bell of 140 pounds. Lancoud, a great favourite, and who is described as being, physically, one of the finest specimens of muscular manhood ever seen, came to grief in the swing lift when the weight rose to 140 pounds. The same fate befell Schneiderheit, who, in the opinion of many good judges, is the coming champion weight-lifter of the world. This youth, who is but eighteen and a half years of age, is a member of the Cologne Weight-Lifting Society, and has some astonishing figures to his credit. Weighing between twelve and thirteen stone, he is reported to have raised 295 pounds with a double-handed jerk, 200 pounds right hand jerk, and 162 pounds with a snatch left. These are German pounds, to convert which to English one must add one pound for every ten stated. If these figures be correct Schneiderheit appears to have a big future in store for him. The Russian amateur champion Ehsseieff (of whom I may have more to say next month) is competing with the professionals.

Next month I hope to be able to give the full results of both the amateur and professional contests.

Those who recollect the Apollo Weight-Lifting Club (and these must be many) and the many fine entertainments it held under the able secretaryship of Mr. Fred Collins, will be interested to hear that the club has moved to a new home, The Coopers' Gardens Institute, in the Hackney Road, N.E. The secretary is now Mr. W. G. Walker, and the sport of wrestling has been added to the art of which the Apollo's members proved themselves in many a competition such able exponents. The season opened with a display on Tuesday, October 6th, and if, when these lines appear in print any aspiring weight-lifter in that part of London be anxious to improve and add to his knowledge, let him join the Apollo, where, as I have personal knowledge, he will get all the help and instruction he needs.

AND EDITORIAL CHAT.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on page viii. of advertisements.

All communications relating to Instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

"*A Walker.*"—(1) A matter of training and diet. (2) A point for medical advice. (3) Measurements are good, but left arm should be brought up to the right.

"*Bow-legs.*"—(1) Possibly the exercise is not suitable in your case, or they are very weak and need strengthening very gradually. (2) There are several exercises tending to correct bow-legs included in my postal instruction course. Exercise 15 will by no means cause development of the trouble.

Frank Medland.—(1) The exercises given in the book are necessarily very general, and much has to be left to the student's discretion. In all exercises the movement is not completed until performed with each hand, when the count should be made.

Nitram.—(1) Yes, quite sufficient for ordinary purposes. (2) Exactly. (3) Yes, that is very much the case. (4) Not exactly to "ache" but to "tire." (5) Thirty minutes is sufficient.

W. Hamilton.—Sleeping with a pad between the knees is useful, as is also forcing the knees apart by jerks.

D. Taylor.—The development, under the circumstances you explain, is really marvellous. Go on with your endeavours.

Tiny.—No mortal can undertake to permanently increase his stature. Chest, left thigh, and both upper arms, but especially the left, need attention

H. Hodgson.—Concentrate the mind upon the muscles you wish to develop; work with light dumb-bells, and make frequent repetitions of the movements, then, unless small boned, or already at your limit, you are bound to develop; but don't, by *overwork*, bring the muscles to a state of atropy.

O. G. H.—Probably in consequence of holding the breath, or rigidity, or because of working on an empty stomach. The exercises would not cause, but tend to correct, rupture.

Cedric.—Ask of some firm such as Treloar, of Ludgate Hill, as it would depend upon quality. (2) Weight-lifting on a second floor is a bit risky. (3) There are so many books on anatomy, it depends how deeply you wish to go into the subject.

H. H. D.—Possibly because you exercise upon an empty stomach. Take a mouthful of food before exercising; possibly, too, the quite cold bath does not suit you.

Rexis.—Apply for "Postal Instruction." Many such cases are treated confidentially.

Wm. Whittle.—Take oatmeal porridge and stewed figs for breakfast. Eat none but whole-meal bread. Take Plasmon with your food. Do plenty of abdominal exercises twice a day.

Sprinter.—Twenty minutes a day. Very probably it would; do fewer exercises tending to develop the muscles.

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Charley Jenkins.—No gymnastic apparati of any sort are used. Your query as to "where you could get a Sandow" is not understood. The muscles will increase by degrees by use of the apparatus.

Abdul Hamid Hissar.—You must send the price of the magazine required, as we do not send V.P.P.

Marsland Street, Hulme.—It is evident that you have been pushing ahead too fast. Such work should be very gradual; now a longish rest is necessary.

F. Cartwright.—Probably you need a suitable diet. It should be slightly increased when training, and consist of underdone meat, and a small amount of bread and vegetables, restricting fluids to only a small quantity of tea, coffee or beer; no sweets, pastry, puddings, sauces, pickles. This will reduce all superfluous flesh, and give the muscles firmness, bulk, and great contractile power. The embrocation you use is all right; you don't need a lot of it.

W. F. S.—(1) Don't exercise within two hours after a meal; take a fair amount of walking exercise. Have you assured yourself that heart and lungs are sound? (2) See answer to "Maorilander."

Maorilander.—Don't worry. Take boiled milk by sips, beginning at two and gradually increasing to four or five pints per day. Remember it is only the amount the system assimilates that does good. Plasmon would suit you.

J. White.—The article on "Nature's Ideal Woman" is complete in the issue of June, 1902.

Paul H. Brinton, Pennsylvania.—The book you mention you will find advertised in some recent issues of the magazine.

G. H. B., London, W.—I always try to avoid questions likely to lead to controversy.

G. H. L. Rushton.—I cannot say for certain when I shall be in your district.

H. W. Wickham.—I shall be glad to receive the photos you mention.

Leonine.—Unless you give your full particulars I cannot tell you what course would be best for you to follow.

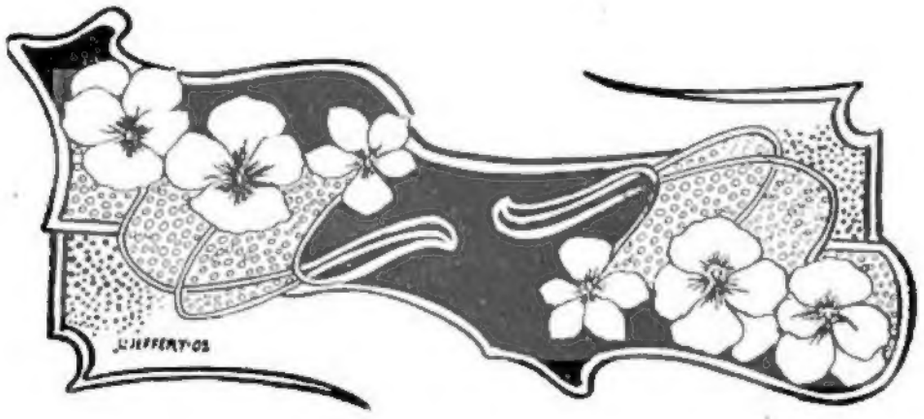
Reader.—Walking by itself will not give you the best results. Supplement it by a course of Physical Culture. You can get full particulars from my postal instruction department.

H. Mardon.—I regret I am unable to supply the information you require.

A. Danks.—Am always pleased to give my opinion as to measurements, etc.

Abraham Toole.—You do not state whether you refer to amateur or professional, British or foreign, records. The 9 st. amateur records are held by A. J. Aldridge—one hand press, 135 lbs. (about); double dumb-bell lift, two 82 lb. weights; bar-bell, 185 lbs. These are properly authenticated lifts, although it is possible that in practice higher weights have been raised (Aldridge has raised two 87's and one 190 lbs. bar-bell), but such can hardly be accepted. W. P. Caswell holds the 10 st. records—178 lbs. one hand, 201 lbs. two dumb-bells, 200 lbs. bar-bell. Compare with professional records held by Russell—170 lbs. one hand, 184 lbs. two dumb-bells, 222 lbs. bar-bell. The snatch lift records for 9 and 10 st. men I regret I cannot lay hands upon for the moment.

Enquirer (Tasmania).—(1) She should state her condition clearly to her intended husband, and if he does not decline the responsibility there can be no reason against marriage if there are no complications due to the curvature. (2) The children might inherit a tendency to curvature which, if carefully watched, might be easily obviated. (3) It is possible to cure such a curvature if properly dealt with early enough. This is frequently being done by me through my Postal Instruction Department, when the patient can devote about an hour daily to the treatment and is not too old to hope for any improvement.



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CHIEF SPORTING FIXTURES
FOR NOVEMBER.

RACING.

2, 3—Birmingham
4—*Anglesea Hunt
4, 5—Northampton Autumn
6, 7—Lingfield
6, 7—*Hooten Park
9, 10—Lincoln Autumn
10, 11—*Cardiff
11, 12, 13, 14—Liverpool Autumn
12 13—*Newport, Mon. (Llangibby and Tredegar Hunt)
16, 17—*Portsmouth Park
16, 17—Leicester November
18, 19, 20—Derby Autumn
21—Hurst Park
20, 21—*Hamilton Park
24, 25—*Maiden Erlegh
24, 25—Warwick Autumn
26, 27—*Aldershot
26, 27, 28—Manchester November
30, 31—*Birmingham

**Steeplechase Meetings.*

PRINCIPAL RACES.

18—Liverpool Autumn Cup
19—Derby Cup
24—Midland Counties Handicap, Warwick
28—Manchester November Handicap

COURSING.

3—Sydmonton Open
4, &c.—Swaffham Club
5, &c.—South Lancashire
5—Hanbury
10—Pawlett (Bridgwater)
10, 11—Limerick Club
12, 13—Southminster
18—Gravesend and Cliffe Clubs
18, &c.—Altcar Club
24, 25—Testerton (Norfolk)
24, 25—Sully Open
24, 25—North of England Club (Hornby)
26, &c.—South Essex Club
26—Stagshawbank (Northumberland)

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

4—Kent *v* Midland Counties, at Blackheath
4—London Welsh *v* United Hospitals, at Richmond
4—Cambridge University *v* Royal Naval College, at Cambridge
7—Yorkshire *v* Durham, at Hull
7—Gloucester *v* Devon, at Gloucester
7—Lancashire *v* Cheshire, in Lancashire
7—London Scottish *v* Blackheath, at Richmond
7—R.I.E.C. *v.* Cambridge Univ., at Cooper's Hill
9—Cambridge Univ. *v* Monkstown, at Cambridge
11 Cambridge University *v* United Hospitals, at Cambridge
11—Middlesex *v* Surrey, at Richmond
14—Cheshire *v* Cumberland, in Cheshire
14—Devon *v* Cornwall, at Devonport
14—Northumberland *v* Yorkshire, at Newcastle
14—Blackheath *v* Cambridge Univ. at Blackheath
14—Richmond *v* London Scottish, at Richmond
18 Midland Counties *v* Middlesex, in the Midlands
19—East Midlands *v* Kent, at Northampton
21—Somerset *v* Gloucestershire, at Weston-super-Mare
21—Yorkshire *v* Lancashire, at Wakefield
21—Blackheath *v* Northampton, at Blackheath
21—London Scottish *v* Cambridge University, at Richmond
26—Cambridge Univ. *v* Dublin Univ., at Cambridge
28 Cornwall *v* Gloucester, at Redruth
28—London Scottish *v* R.I.E. College, at Richmond
28—Cambridge Univ. *v* Leicester, at Cambridge
28—Blackheath *v* Richmond, at Blackheath

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

4—London *v* the Army, at Guildford
4—Oxford University *v* Middlesex, at Oxford
11—Herts *v* Surrey, in Hertfordshire
14—Casuals *v* Cambridge Univ., at Queen's Club
18—Suffolk *v* Essex, at Ipswich
21 London *v* Corinthians, at Ilford
25—Surrey *v* Norfolk, in Surrey
28—Corinthians *v* Reading, at Queen's Club
30—Woolwich Arsenal *v* the Army, at Plumstead

LACROSSE.

7—Middlesex *v.* Lancashire, in Lancashire
7—Middlesex Reserves *v* Essex Res., in Essex
18—Middlesex *v.* Cambridge University, at Cambridge

BOXING.

2, 9, 12, 16, 23, 26 and 30—Contests and Competitions at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, W.C.
24—17th Middlesex R.V. School of Arms' Competitions at the Drill Hall, Camden Town, N.W.
24—Polytechnic B.C. Open Competitions, 309, Regent Street, W.

BILLIARDS.

2-7—C. Dawson (Champion) *v.* W. Osborne, 800 up, Shoe and Leather Trades' Exhibition, Agricultural Hall, Islington
9 to 21—The Billiard Association American Tournament, 150 in prizes (ten players), Leicester-square, W.C.
23, &c.—A. R. Wisdom (holder) *v.* A. W. T. Good, for the Amateur Championship, at Thurston's, Leicester-square
18—Billiard Association Annual Meeting, Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, E.C.

ROWING.

16—Upper Thames Professional Regatta, at Putney

CYCLING.

21—National Cyclists Union Council Meeting, Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., 3 p.m.

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